WEARIED SOLOMON

SLEPT PEACEFULLY ON WHILE COUNSEL QUARRELED.

Both Defendant and Plaintiff Were Afraid to Waken Him Because of Possible Effect.

There is a law office on Wall street which is most luxuriously fitted up, even to velvet divans, sofa cushions and other things calculated to produce a rich and restful effect. The occupant of this office is an elderly man, and because of his long practice and high standing as a lawyer he is frequently appointed referee in those cases which, because of the overcrowded court calendar, are tried out of court.

He had one case before him one afternoon which was very dry, uninteresting and technical, and in which the opposing lawyers made long and windy arguments. At the beginning of the argument the referee, knowing that it was apt to be a lengthy one, stretched himself out in a semi-reclining position on the velvet couch and nodded his head occasionally when arguments seemed to be especially addressed to him.

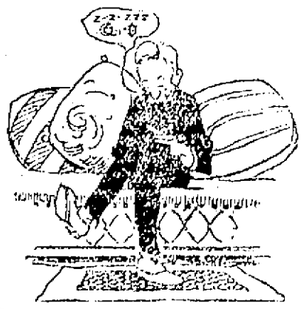
When the attorney for the plaintiff had finished, the attorney for the defendant arose and began to speak. His argument was of such a bitter and caustic character that his opponent was quickly on his feet answering back. Finally they got themselves into such a tangle that nothing but a decision of the referee could straighten them out.

"Your honor," began the attorney for the plaintiff, "I ask for an adjournment, on the ground that—"

"Gr-r-r-r-r-h," gurgled through the referee's mouth and nose, while the astonished attorney sat down and discreetly coughed.

The attorney for the defendant smiled. "His honor is resting himself; he is an old man," he said.

"Er-hem!" coughed the plaintiff's attorney again, but the unmistakable



"Gr-r-r-r-r-h," Gurgled Through the Referee's Mouth and Nose.

sounds of snoring gurgled, rumbled and exploded from the velvet couch, while the eyelids of the referee rested peacefully on his tired eyes.

"You wake him up," suggested the plaintiff's attorney to the defendant's attorney.

"Not much. I don't know how he is when he wakes up. If he is cross and realizes that it was I who awakened him he may decide against me. You wake him up."

But the attorney for the plaintiff also declined the task, as the same damage obviously would threaten him.

There was nothing for them to do but wait for the referee to wake up. And they waited. An hour passed. Everybody grew more and more restless, remembered other engagements and stole out to the telephone to break them.

The referee's partner had gone for the day. No one else dared waken him, the stenographer informed the attorneys. A peace and quiet like that of a country churchyard settled down upon that section of Wall street on that particular day. No one was moving a safe, no newsboy wandered up and down the street shouting "Wuxtra!" All the working men on the building being erected next door seemed to have quit. No sound, in fact, disturbed the general and unwonted calm until the attorney for the plaintiff, looking at his watch and then glancing at the clock to verify his watch, exclaimed:

"Good heavens! Five o'clock!"

There was a cessation of the gurgling sounds from the couch and the referee sat up. His face was flushed and he looked about the room in some confusion. Then his gaze encountered the clock. Instantly he frowned.

"Come, come, gentlemen," he said. "I told you we couldn't go on after 4:30 to-day. It is now five. This case is adjourned until a week from to-day, same time and place."

Toads on the March.

Ranchers in the vicinity of the George Bixby ranch say that the myriads of toads which have covered the fields and roads in that section for weeks past have begun to migrate overland toward the ocean and can be seen by hundreds hopping across country southwesterly.

The ponds and sloughs in which they had their birth have dried up. The ranchers say that seven years ago there was a like migration of frogs and toads from the ranches to the sea, but the amphibians are more numerous this time.—Los Angeles Times.

Memory Bells.

Memory bells are toys given by the Japanese youths to their sweethearts. They are constructed of slips of glass so delicately poised that the least vibration sets them jingling. The delicate tinkling serves to remind the owner of the giver; hence the pretty, fanciful name.

BIDDENDON CAKES.

They Are Given to the Poor on Easter Morning.

Long years ago, nearly a thousand, if the chroniclers speak the truth, there lived in Biddendon, England, twin sisters with charitable hearts, who left in their wills a sum of money to be used for buying bread to give to the poor on Easter morning. For several hundred years plain loaves were distributed. At last, the exact date cannot be given, some one devised the

Biddendon cake, which was made after the design of the illustration given. In this the sisters were joined somewhat after the fashion of the Siamese twins. By this time they had earned rays about the head, and would have been canonized had they been Romanists. The date 1100 and their age, 34 years, were stamped on the cakes, which were distributed from the church steeple by the rector. Of late years this strange proceeding drew so many curiosity seekers that the present rector gave up the practice.

A Grewsome Package.

An extraordinary story comes from Tomsk, Siberia. A peasant from the country appeared in the police station carrying a bundle which he carefully deposited on the table before the chief.

"I am a poor man," he said, "and when I come to Tomsk I beg for my food. To-night I went to vespers and when I left the church I began to beg. Two men whom I did not know approached, and asked if I would not have some meat as alms. I was most grateful and accepted this bundle. In the dark I thought it was a sheep's head. When I got home to the place where I lodge I gave it to my landlady to cook for us. It makes splendid soup, sheep's head does. When she undid the bundle she started back with a shriek. And now I'll show you what she saw."

The beggar went forward to the table, undid the handkerchief round the bundle and a man's head, cut off close to the shoulders, appeared. It was the head of a policeman who had been missing some time and who was supposed to have been murdered by the native Kirghiz.

MALAY EAR ORNAMENTS.

The ear ornaments which Malay women wear are made of massive silver, and are 12 centimeters long. They weigh at least one and one-half pounds, and sometimes two pounds. Once put on they are never taken off during the wearer's lifetime.

Hidden Treasure of Cromwell's Time.

The ruins of Bradley Old Hall, near Ashbourne, are to be thoroughly explored with a view to finding hidden treasure.

The story goes that a quantity of treasure was concealed in the cellars when the hall was destroyed in the time of Cromwell, and that the fact was made known to Prince Charles Edward when he was in Derbyshire in 1715 by a Scottish minister who was then in charge of Bradley church. A detachment of Highlanders came from Derby to secure the booty, but the Bradley folks have always maintained that all the valuables were not removed. The hall was formerly the residence of the Meynells.—London Standard.

J. O. Adams' Cradle.

The cradle bed of John Quincy Adams has historic interest for all Americans. It is preserved in the museum in Boston and is of the type common at the time Adams was born. It has a wooden box, with rockers and hood of the same material, guiltless of decoration of any sort. Speaking of cradles, one is reminded that it is said that Francis D'Assisi invented the cradle for the purpose of making plain to the people of his time who could not read the picture of the Nativity. The manger like cradle used then containing the Christ child gave the ignorant folk an excellent idea of the conditions in Bethlehem on that wonderful Christmas night.

BESTS BRUIN IN PECULIAR MANNER

PLUMP SCHOOLMA'AM LANDS ON HIS HEAD, THEN POURS HOT SYRUP DOWN HIS THROAT.

SAVES HERSELF AND PUPILS

Miss Nathalie Comstock Has Unwelcome Experience with "Old Br'er Bar" in Minnesota Woods While on Nature Study Expedition.

Grand Rapids, Minn.—Miss Nathalie Comstock, schoolma'am at the Deer Lake school, in the country a few miles northwest of here, probably saved the lives of a number of her pupils and the manner in which she did so was peculiar, to say the least.

Miss Comstock had been giving her pupils a course in nature study, and in order to impress her teachings more forcibly upon their minds, she made it a point to take them on frequent trips to the nearby woods. She took about a dozen boys and girls, the oldest of whom was about 12 years, to the sugar bush, in order to show them how maple sugar is made.

The boys and girls were taught how to tap the maple trees and Miss Nathalie herself undertook the task of boiling the sap in a huge iron kettle which had been borrowed from a neighboring homesteader. The pupils were bringing in the sap in buckets and Miss Nathalie had started the fire and the sap was beginning to boil and bubble and send forth a fragrant steam. At a moment when the teacher was alone by the fire and engrossed in the boiling of the syrup, she was startled to hear a gruff "oof, oof," and glancing around was horrified to see standing near by a big brown bear with nostrils dilated, sniffing the fragrant odor.

The bear was lean and lank from its winter hibernation and its appearance was distinctly uninviting. Miss Nathalie would have fainted had she not been so badly scared and would have screamed had she not wished to keep her pupils out of danger. Instead she threw a ladleful of the boiling syrup at the bear, striking it in the face. With a howl of rage and pain the animal started in the direction of the schoolma'am, who now saw that discretion would be the better part of valor. She started to run.

Miss Nathalie has a pleasant looking face, round and full, and her fig-

Bruin Went Down and Out.

ure is that which is euphemistically denominated of the "dumpling" order. She could not run fast, but the bear had been partially blinded by the hot syrup and was slow in pursuit.

Nevertheless it came steadily on and by the time Miss Comstock had managed to clamber into the lower branches of a nearby tree, the bear was at the foot of the tree, sitting on its haunches directly beneath the school mistress, whose feet almost touched the top of its head.

The animal seemed determined to keep the teacher a prisoner. She dared not call for help and was in an agony lest some of the pupils should suddenly return and be attacked by the bear. She thought she heard one of them coming through the woods, and shifted her position in order to be able to wave a warning to them. That shift was fatal to the bear.

The limb on which she sat was small and could not withstand the strain of the sudden shift of her weight. It broke suddenly and the teacher was precipitated heavily on top of the bear's head. Even a bear cannot withstand a human catapult of the dead weight of so plump a girl precipitated from a height of eight feet, and it was down and out. So was Miss Nathalie, for a time.

The pupil whom she had sought to warn proved to be one of the larger boys and when he found Miss Nathalie and the bear both apparently dead, he quickly summoned his comrades. By the time they arrived Miss Nathalie had recovered, but the bear had not.

By her directions the boys filled a pail full of the boiling syrup and poured it down the bear's throat. The animal thrashed wildly about, but it was a death struggle, and it fell a victim of the combined sweetness of Miss Nathalie and the maple syrup.

GIRL DANCES ON ROOF CLAD IN SCANT ATTIRE

CAPERS GIDDILY ON NEW YORK HOTEL CORNICE BECAUSE HEIR WAS BORN TO SPANISH THRONE.

New York.—High up on the coping of the Herald Square hotel, dancing perilously close to the edge, a woman, clad only in a union suit, aroused everyone in the neighborhood early the other day by singing a Spanish song in a shrill, wild voice. Then she lapsed into English and cried:

"I am a Spaniard and an heir is born to Spain. Vive la Espana!"

Firemen were summoned and spread a net in the street below, but the senorita only laughed and continued her dance and song. Then the janitor climbed out on the roof. When she saw him the woman began a frenzied skirt dance with an imaginary skirt and cheered the louder.

She was overpowered and taken to Bellevue, where she said she was

"An Heir Is Born to Spain. Vive la Espana!"

Annie Loftus, an employe of the hotel. She began her celebration as soon as she heard of the birth of the prince in Madrid.

BIRD CAUSES AN EXPLOSION.

Oil-Soaked Wings Catch Fire and Ignite Gasoline in Kitchen.

Cleveland, O.—Its kerosene-bathed wings aflame from coming in contact with a burning cigar dropped to the floor by its sleeping owner, a pet canary bird flew into the kitchen at the home of Patrick Dooley and caused an explosion that wrecked the interior of the structure.

The bird had been a pet of a boarder, who was trying to nurse it back to health. The boarder, a foreigner, who came to this country recently, washed the bird, using kerosene to kill the insects on it. He then placed the canary on a curtain pole to dry.

He lit a cigar and sat down to watch over his pet, but before long he was asleep. The bird came off its perch, alighting upon the cigar held in its owner's fingers. It didn't roost there longer than a second, for its weight knocked the Havana to the floor, bird and all.

The cigar set fire to the canary and it flew into the kitchen, where Mrs. Dooley was filling the gasoline stove. It came in contact with the gasoline and caused an explosion that changed the appearance of the kitchen. Mrs. Dooley escaped with slight injuries, but the bird was hurt so badly that it will probably die.

Chancellor Fond of Tennis.

Chancellor McCracken, of New York university, who started the movement a year ago which resulted in "reformed" football, is an enthusiastic lawn tennis player. This is about the only sport in which he is interested. In the course of the college year he finds little time to get out on the courts, but as soon as vacation begins he may be seen almost every fair morning wielding his racquet with a vigor that would be a credit to men many years his junior. The chancellor takes great pride in his game, and always likes to have a strong player on the other side of the net. Two of his sons were good athletes while in college.

Financial Returns from Vanity.

There are sufficient people in England and Scotland paying the annual tax imposed by the inland revenue upon the use of armorial bearings to produce a sum of $350,000 each year. The great bulk of this sum is paid by people who care not an atom either about their family or their arms, but pay the tax regularly simply because they have carriages or plate heraldically decorated. The really old families of the realm, however, use armorial emblems for decorative purposes to an extent almost incredible in the eyes of those familiar with them only on note paper, table silver and carriage panels.

No Right to Complain.

"See here!" cried the irate man, "I propose to sue you. Look at my head! You professed to cure—"

"Wait a minute," interrupted the maker of Fakeley's Balsam; "we advertise merely that we cure partial baldness and not—"

"Well, I was only partially bald when I started using your stuff; now I haven't a hair!"

"Well, then you're cured of your partial baldness, aren't you?"—Catholic Standard and Times.

But We Haven't Wood to Burn.

Contrary to a widespread belief that hard woods give more heat in burning than soft varieties, the scientists at Washington are contending that the greatest heating power is possessed by the wood of the linden tree, which is very soft. Fir stands next to linden, and almost equal to it. Then comes pine, hardly inferior to fir and linden, while hard oak possesses eight per cent. less heating capacity than linden, and red beech ten per cent. less.

Insult to Injury.

Dentist—You know that more than three months ago I supplied Baron von Hallstein with a full set of teeth? Well, I went the other day to collect the money which he owed me for them, and not only did he refuse to pay me, but he had the effrontery to gnash at me—with my teeth.—Fliegende Blatter.

Male Conceit.

The most stupid imbecile of a man that ever passed through one of the universities and came out unable to write a letter without its containing half a dozen spelling mistakes secretly believes himself to be infinitely wiser than the cleverest woman novelist that ever lived.—Correspondent of The Throne.

Running Expenses.

If running expenses would only slow down to a walk occasionally a man might get ahead of the game.

Don't Beat Bad Ones.

"No, Willie. Strange as it may seem to you, egg-beaters are never used to whip bad eggs."—Judge.

Unstable Man.

Montaigne: Man in sooth is a marvellous, vain, fickle, and unstable subject.

Romans Disliked Red Hair.

Red hair was an object of aversion among the Romans.

Wise Haste.

Italian proverb: A prudent haste is wisdom's leisure.

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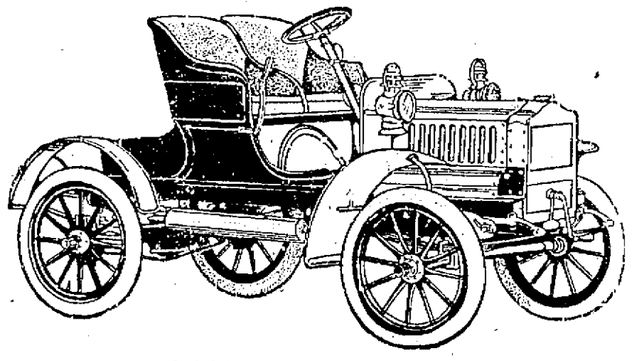
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DASH OF THE PONY EXPRESS

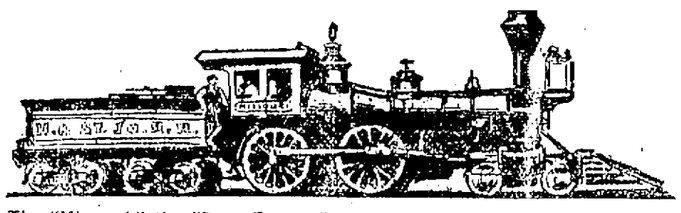
Fifty Years Ago Dinky Engine and Small Cars Made Record Run Across the State of Missouri with the Western Mail.

"Almost 50 years ago a dinky engine and small combination mail and passenger coach made a run across the state of Missouri which has not been eclipsed up to this day," remarked George H. Davis, a veteran railroad man.

"The completion of the Hannibal & St. Joseph railroad at seven o'clock on the morning of February 13, 1859, and the trial run of the Pony express across the state, April 3, 1860, were two of the most exciting events that occurred in northern Missouri previous to the civil war.

"The junction of the east and westward construction was made two miles east of Chillicothe, in a small cut in Mumpower's field. The day following several barrels of Mississippi river water were transported over the line from Hannibal and emptied into the Missouri river, with imposing ceremonies, the event typifying the union of the two great water courses of the American continent. It was a gala day for St. Joseph, a town formerly known as 'Roubidoux's Landing.' The tremendous travel to California a decade before had been through that place, and the gold seekers had left many dollars there, as it was the last outfitting point this side of the desert.

"There was a banquet at the Plant-



The "Missouri," the "Pony Express" with Which Engineer Clark Made a Record.

ers house, the evening of February 14, attended by all the road officials and prominent citizens of St. Joseph. Gen. Jeff Thompson, who a few years later became a noted confederate leader, was one of the speakers. It was the birth of a great commercial era in the west and everybody was immensely optimistic.

"When the news came that our road was to be selected to carry the fast mail, under certain conditions, I sent orders to all the section foremen to spike down the switches. No trains were to be allowed on the line for an hour ahead of the fast train, which was called the Pony express. Fuel agents at Macon, at Moores ville and at other places were notified to have a stock of cordwood on hand which could be emptied into the tender in less than no time. The 'Missouri'—all engines in Missouri in those days went by name instead of number—was selected to make the trial run, and Add Clark, one of our best engineers, was at the throttle. The track was carefully examined for days in advance to prevent the failure of the undertaking by accident. I had the thrilling pleasure of journeying with the officials in the single coach that carried the mail across the state on that memorable occasion. The orders given to Engineer Clark were to make a speed record that would stand 50 years. As remarked, a half century has well nigh passed, and the record of the Pony express still stands, in spite of the heavier equipment and more powerful engines.

"The president of the road, Joshua Gentry, Superintendent J. T. K. Hayward, Assistant Superintendent O. N. Cutler, and one or two others were in the car.

"The sawed-off train pulled out of Hannibal amid the waving of hats and the cheering of a mighty crowd. All the way across the state, at every station and cross-road, it was greeted by assemblies of men, women and children, many of whom had arisen in the early morning hours and journeyed a long distance to see the greatest sight of the times. As the Pony express shot by the station, rocking like a kite in a gale, we could see the agents pushing the crowds back from the platforms and showing their sense of importance in their connection with the mighty event.

"All the way out of town it was like some grand ovation to a conquering army. There was inspiration enough to make Engineer Clark perform miracles with his little wood-burner machine.

"When the train pulled in and stopped amid the waiting thousands at the St. Joseph depot, Engineer Clark, pale, greasy and grand, stepped majestically from his iron horse, which stood panting like a blooded racer. He was the dazzling hero of the hour. He had covered the 206 miles from Hannibal to St. Joseph in a little over four hours, a performance which, at the time was little short of miraculous, and which, even at this day, is mighty near to the standard of the limited express trains of England.

"It was a big day for Engineer Clark and the Hannibal & St. Joseph road, which had secured a big mail contract by the day's work."

But there was another hero at St. Joseph on that noted occasion. His name has not come down like that of the gallant engineer, but he deserves mentioning. He was little, insignificant looking, and thin faced. He wore a peaked cap, riding boots, and held daintily in his right hand a small whip. Beside him was standing a bay pony, in front of the United States express office. This other hero was the pony rider, waiting for the little pouches the mail train had toiled so hard to deliver. Blood, nerve and muscle took up the race where fire, steam and mechanical skill left off. With desperate haste the carrier rushed across with his mail pouches, the mail was sorted into little sacks and thrown across the pony. The rider mounted, and lusty cheers went up for the little man who was to make the first dash into the great west. A ferryboat, steam up and ready to cast off, received horse and rider and was soon plowing across the river. Then the rider touched spurs to his horse and galloped out of sight. He formed one link in the chain of horses and riders that was to connect the east and the west and cover a distance of 1,900 miles. It was the birth of the Overland Mail, one of the most picturesque features in the development of the west. Fresh ponies waited the rider every ten miles; the rider's daily journey was 60 miles. His duty was to keep going. He stopped to pass the time of day with no man, and if he was chased by Indians or outlaws he was to keep going without asking questions, and dodge the best he could. Day and night the chain rolled on, carrying the news from the east to the far west and back home again. It brought to the gold miner tidings of loved ones and made life endurable. The letters were written on the thinnest of paper.

SLOW TRAVELING FOR ROYALTY.

Fast Trains Not Always In Favor—When Railroads Were Experiments.

The dowager empress of Russia, in asking that during her visit to England the speed of the train by which she traveled might be moderated, was but following the example of other royalties. Queen Alexandra, who was with her, has enjoyed one or two railway runs at record speed, says the London Evening Standard, but traveling for the illustrious is differently ordered in Russia, where undermined and bombstrown tracks have before now been passed over by the empress.

It took years to persuade Queen Victoria to travel by rail, and the prince consort, who gave her a lead, would step up to the driver of his train at the end of a journey and say: "Not so fast next time, if you please."

It was regarded as a great triumph for the railways when the queen did at last overcome her fears and patronize the new method of locomotion. That, however, did not soothe the fears of France, whose council of ministers, when Louise Philippe proposed in the following year to go by special train as far as Rouen, persuaded him that such a mode of traveling was not safe. He went by coach.

If prejudice against rapid travel has lingered in some royal minds, it cannot be said that the inclination of those by whom royalty has been advised has much outrun them. Wellington hung back even when the prince consort and Queen Victoria had ventured. Probably he never would have traveled by rail had he not been called upon to take train with the queen to Southampton.

Having made the plunge, he was completely converted, for soon afterward the papers contained the announcement that he had actually passed to and from Folkestone in one day by the Dover line.

He bore his trial with more fortitude than Lady Holland. When she at last consented to try the awful experiment, she insisted that Brunel should sit with her and hold her hand during the whole of the journey. Peel had not much more faith in the steam engine. There might be something in the idea of a railway, he admitted; it would make an excellent track for horses, no doubt; but it would be highly dangerous for locomotives.

Negro Conductor's Long Service.

Not only does Henry Vanness of Rockville, Conn., enjoy the distinction of being the only negro railroad conductor in the world, but he also has the honor of being one of the men who have been longest in continuous railroad service in the country, having been employed as a conductor for 43 years without a break. He has been employed on the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad since it was opened to traffic in 1863.

Discourteous New Yorkers.

New York city has acquired the reputation of having the most discourteous railway employes of all cities in the world.

Drummer's Name Was Deceptive, But All Right.

A half dozen traveling men were waiting in a Connecticut town station the other evening for a train for New York. A fierce storm was raging.

"This is a sorry night to be on the road," remarked the shoe drummer.

"Yes," said the cigar man, "and it was just such a night as this last summer when a train on the road struck a bad place four miles east of here and the next instant ran off the bridge. I was the only passenger on the train to escape with his life."

"What month was that in?" he was asked.

"Latter part of July."

"I fail to recall that wreck," said one of the crowd.

"So do I," said another.

"How many did you say were killed?" asked the shoe drummer.

"Didn't say any one was killed," replied the cigar man.

"You didn't, eh? You said you were the only passenger who escaped with his life."

"Certainly. That's easily accounted for," explained the cigar man, looking innocent. "I was the only passenger on the train."

"Aha! That's your game, is it?" said the shoe drummer.

"Hold on there!" said the only one in the party who had not spoken up to this time, as he bustled up in front of the cigar man. "You said the train struck a bad place in the road."

"So it did, but it got over it all right."

"It did, eh? But how about it running off the bridge?"

"That's all right, boys. We ran off it after we had crossed it. The story is all right, boys. You can't find any flaw in it."

ONE TRAIN A YEAR.

No Danger of Collisions on This Pennsylvania Railroad.

In Pennsylvania there is a railway branch over which but one train a year is run.

Think of missing that train!

Imagine yourself starting out from home when you hear the engine whistle on the west hill. Think of logging it down the incline and pelting across the meadow, and bursting onto the station platform with your heart pounding holes in your side and your breath coming in frightful gulps—only to see the rear end of the last car of that annual train 100 yards away and gathering speed at every yard!

And then think of the anxious parents who begin to feel worried about the time the yearly train is due, and who say to their children: "You mustn't play around the railway track to-morrow, dears—the big, black engine and the bumpety cars might run over mamma's darlings and cut uns all to 'ittle tiddleybits!"

And think of the strain on the patience of that careful old lady who always sat down in the station and waited until the next train went by—for fear she might otherwise assume dangerous chances by crossing the track in the face of the coming express.

Yes, indeed, it must be a pretty serious strain on the people who have to live along the trail of the annual train, and serious, too, for the mother-in-law and the poor relations who design visiting you, and still more serious when you come to consider the means for getting them back home again.

Stole a Whole Railroad.

The wholesale theft of a railway sounds like a large order, but it has been accomplished in Ireland, according to a story told before the vice regal commission on Irish railways.

A line was built between Birr and Portumna in 1868. The Great Southern & Western worked the line until 1876, when it failed to renew the lease.

The neighboring population then stole the railway. The telegraph wires went first and the rails followed in short order. Then the gates, buildings, in fact the total equipment, were carried off.

In the words of Deputy Lieut. Trench, at present the bed of the railway alone survives.

This testimony was corrected, however, as a bridge spanning the river Brosna has up to the present escaped.

A man, however, did come down with cranes and other appliances, intending to carry off the girders of this bridge, but the police station happened to be close by and the sergeant of police took it upon himself to prevent the man from taking the bridge away.—N. Y. Sun.

Habits of the Box Car.

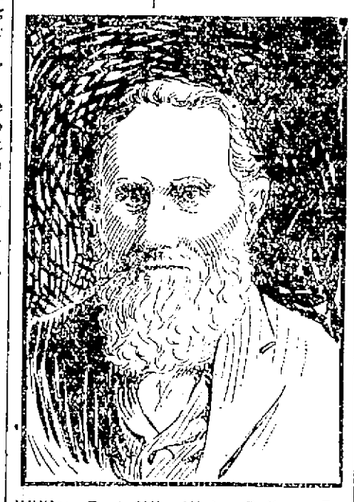
Not all the instruction given to young railroad men is intensely serious. The following definition was recently offered to a beginner: "A box car belongs to the fowl family. During the spring and summer months it can be found in nearly every part of the country; its favorite haunts being railway tracks, and it is easy to capture. In the autumn, however, like certain other fowls, it goes into hibernation or flies to other climes. Scattered instances are known where specimens are captured during the autumn months. A lasso or a well-greased switch crew is sometimes used in snaring the box car, but main strength is the best weapon. In any case the hunter must be very wary, as any noise like the fluttering of a waybill will make the quarry disappear. Some railways own large flocks of domesticated box cars, but they are carefully guarded during the closed season. The wild box car when caught and fairly well loaded becomes perfectly stationary."

GOES BACK TO 1833

OLDEST LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER IN THE UNITED STATES.

William Best of Missouri Now In His Ninety-Fourth Year, Assisted In Operating the First Railroad in the Country.

Along with "only survivors" of other historical events prominent in the speeding race of our nation, the oldest locomotive engineer and most certain the only survivor of the several who assisted in operating the first railroad in the United States, is entitled to some notice. This man is William Best, now a resident of Gentry county, Missouri. On the same farm where he literally pitched his tent more than half a century ago, near the village of Alanthus Grove, the old man still hobbles around his premises from day to day. This old man, now in his ninety-fourth year, can draw a vivid picture of the first railroad in the United States. The date



William Best, Who Was a Railway Engineer 74 Years Ago.

is 1833, and the scene Philadelphia. Even at that time some people were beginning to get restless and wanted to go faster. The stage coach did not travel with the speed it once did. The new mode of traveling on which it had been decided to call a railroad train seemed to be gaining popularity. There was a daily increase in the number of daring ones who risked their lives for the sake of novelty.

There was, in those days, no union station with its whirl of trucks, shouting newsboys, iron cages with uniformed guards "jawing" people about crowding. No confusion of voices and clanging of gongs and puffing of locomotives, piles of trunks scurrying to and fro, says the Kansas City Star.

There was only a little knot of stolid Quakers standing about on a little platform, and when they saw by one's action that he contemplated boarding the train, they kindly admonished him: "Thee hadst better not trust thyself to it, friend, for it is dangerous." The little toy of an engine with three or four little omnibuses attached looked more like a plaything than a train. The boiler of the locomotive was not much larger than a barrel and the engineer's cab was a little platform with some curtains hung around it. Just behind the engineer's cab was a pile of wood for the boiler.

It was one of these primitive trains that William Best drove across country at awe-inspiring speed of 15 miles an hour. When a stop was made at Morristown or other stations, Best was hailed as a hero. Crowds watched him as he oiled his engine and wiped this hands on the curtains of his cab. That was 74 years ago, when Best was 20 years old.

The veteran engineer was born in England, in Cornwall, in the year 1813, two years before Waterloo was fought. He came to America while in his teens and worked in the machine shops at Philadelphia. Promotion followed, and in 1833 he was believed to be capable of running the engine. He was given charge and made his first trip between Philadelphia and Trenton, a distance of 30 miles. There and back to Philadelphia consumed the day, and was counted a day's work. The wages were high for those days. Sixty dollars per month, as engineers were very scarce. The track was constructed of cross ties and wooden sleepers laid along them with the strips of iron fastened on top with spikes. These spikes often worked loose and stuck up an inch or two above the rails, when they were called "snake heads." He remembers one day when they were running at a good speed—which meant probably 18 miles an hour—a drive wheel got tangled in some snake heads and the flange was wrenched off. It flew back through the cab and narrowly missed his face.

Best thought more of his life than his job, and vowed he would quit soon, and did. After resigning his place as engineer he was sought by Baldwin, the pioneer locomotive builder in this country, to go with an engine to the south and run it on a new road. It was customary then for the builder of a locomotive to send an expert along and start it for the buyer. Best declined, because he had had enough of railroading.

Engineer's Fine Record.

James Guest of Petersborough, England, who has just retired from the service of the Great Northern railway, has traveled 2,132,700 miles in 52 years as engine-driver. During all that time he met with no accident nor injury.

THE LIMIT OF PATIENCE.

Owner of One Telephone In Flat Building Protests.

"Of course," said the cheerful woman, "I believe in loving my neighbor as myself, but I find it harder since we have had a telephone put in our flat. We live in an old-fashioned flat house and ours is the only telephone on the premises. I do not know how the neighbors learned that we have one, for I am not acquainted with anybody in the building, but it was not in more than a week when the woman across the hall came over to ask if she could use it. 'Of course I'll pay,' she said, and naturally I had no choice but to let her use it. She paid five cents, but under the rules of the telephone company private wires cost more than that per message. However, I did not wish to be small, so I let it pass. She evidently carried the good news throughout the building, for there has been a continuous performance ever since. A few days ago somebody rang me up and asked for Mrs. Blank, who lives on the top floor. I was the only person at home at the time, so I had to climb three flights of stairs and tell Mrs. Blank to come down. What's that? Virtue its own— Oh, yes, I know; but whose virtue?"

PLACATED MR. DAN SAMSON.

Colored Minister's "Retraction" a Triumph of Ingenuity.

In Mississippi there was a colored preacher noted in those parts for the extreme frankness and candor of his exhortations to his wicked brethren to reform. On one occasion, relates Representative John Sharp Williams, the divine was holding forth on the sin of theft. Among other things he said: "I see befo' me ten chicken thieves, includin' Dan Samson." This bald statement of fact rather aroused the resentment of the aforesaid Samson, and he threatened the minister with personal violence. The latter's friends persuaded the divine to withdraw the accusation if Samson would promise not to offer the minister any hurt. The question seemed about to be adjusted, it being settled that the clergyman should, on the following Sunday, publicly retract his statement as to the honesty of Mr. Samson. Therefore, rising in the pulpit on the day appointed, the minister said: "It 'pears dat a remark of mine, in de sermon of last Sunday, has been de cause of offense, an' I therefore amends it. What I should have said was dis: 'I see befo' me ten chicken thieves, not includin' Dan Samson.'"—Harper's Weekly.

The Congregation.

There is a tiny church near the foot of one of the Western Grampians which has a congregation numbering, in the best of weather, not more than 20 people. On stormy days the number is much less, as members have to travel considerable distances. A tourist happened to come across this church early one Sunday afternoon. He listened for a bit, but heard no sound, so went to the door of the church and looked in. The beadle was the only occupant. "Is the service over?" he asked. "Ou ay, she will be over," replied the old man. "Then, where is the congregation?" asked the tourist. The beadle slowly pointed through the open door to a man wending his way down a hill and said, "That's him."

Cut-Rate Contributors.

In a certain parish of Greater New York the rector, while admonishing his flock on Sunday last that the collection basket receipts were steadily growing less, took occasion to declare that "certain parishioners contribute to their means, but others give in keeping with their meanness." He added that in measure such exhibitions of false pretense reminded him of the story told of the Pilgrim fathers upon their arrival at Plymouth Rock: "First they fell upon their knees; then they fell upon the aborigines."

Ruskin on Manual Labor.

We are always in these days endeavoring to separate intellect and manual labor; we want one man to be always thinking and another to be always working, and we call one a gentleman, and the other an operative; whereas the workman ought often to be thinking, and the thinker often to be working, and both should be gentlemen in the best sense. As it is, we make both ungentle, but one envying, the other despising his brother; and the mass of society is made up of morbid thinkers and miserable workers!

Women Who Should Shave.

"One thing I am proud of about New York women," said the man who just got home, "is that they are clean shaven. I never saw anything like the side-whiskers and beards on the women in France, Italy and Switzerland. In Paris once I walked into a shoe store and stood there petrified, forgetting what I went in for, the big brunette cashier at the desk had such a furious mustache."

Advice as to Alaska.

There will be an element of surprise in the advice of Dr. Henry Gannett, of the United States geological survey: "If you are old, go to Alaska by all means; but if you are young, wait." Mr. Gannett gives this reason for his advice: "The scenery of Alaska is much grander than anything else of the kind in the world, and it is not well to dull one's capacity for enjoyment by seeing the finest sights first."

INCREASING LENGTH OF LIFE.

What Medical Science Has Done for the Human Race.

Reviewing the progress of medicine during the nineteenth century, Dr. John S. Billings, United States army, has shown that deaths of women from childbirth decreased during that period from 10 to 20 in 1,000 to 5 in 1,000, and that from all causes the deaths in New York city fell from between 35 and 40 in 1,000 to less than 20 in 1,000. He recalls the fact that 100 years ago yellow fever was epidemic in New York and Philadelphia for two years. For 30 years the disease has been almost unknown throughout the whole country; also that in 1800 the majority of persons one met were pitted with smallpox—the survivors of a much greater number—while now there are physicians who have never seen a case of smallpox; and that in the Napoleonic and revolutionary wars more died from disease than from wounds, while now hospital gangrene is unknown. Statistics show that in Chicago during the last 35 years the average age at death has increased from 12 to 32 years.

No one disputes these facts or attributes them to any cause other than medical science—the measures employed partly in curing disease, but more especially in preventing its introduction or its spread when once introduced.

JOKE THAT TWO COULD PLAY.

Farmer Evened Up Accounts with Young Would-Be Wit.

Young Stevenson was on his way north to spend the week end with his parents, and felt in a particularly jovial mood. The train in which he was traveling had stopped at a small village. As a farmer who was sauntering up and down the platform came opposite Stevens's compartment he was a'led by the youth if he knew that the Duke of Devonshire was on the train. Immediately the man showed great interest, and said: "No! Is he?" "I think he is not," answered Stevens. "I only asked you if you knew that he was." The farmer said nothing, but continued his walk on the platform. As he came opposite the window again he remarked that this town has been experiencing some excitement. "What is the matter?" asked Stevens. "The authorities wouldn't let some folks bury a woman," replied the farmer. "What was the reason for refusing?" "She wasn't dead," was the laconic reply. And then he strolled away, leaving young Stevens biting his lip.—Judge's Library.

The Difference.

"Yes, I have heard of him. Owes everybody, gets drunk and goes whooping around the streets. Keeps a worthless cur and has a fondness for telling stories beginning, 'Say, have you heard this one? If you have, call me off. Once there was a young married couple—' A worthless loafer, a dead beat and—" "Oh, no! You are thinking of John E. This is his cousin, John G. Drives his creditors into bankruptcy, runs over people with his imported 60-horse power automobile, owns a $3,000 fighting dog, talks so loudly in his box at the opera that he infuriates those who think music was made to be listened to, reads novels in French, and—" "Ah, I see!—strange I should make such a mistake—a well-known man-about-town."—Puck.

The Camera Fiend's Wanderlust.

As the sun day by day ascends the heavens and the actinic value of his light increases, rhapsodizes the editor of the American Amateur Photographer, there seizes us once more the fervor of the enthusiast. From the high shelf down comes the camera, the plate holders are loaded, and we tramp across the green fields looking for pictures—or pretending to. For half the cause of our wandering has naught to do with the black box we carry with us. The primitive instinct for change, the ancestral wanderlust, it is, that has seized us and driven us forth to nature.

Costs to Keep Umbrellas.

"That old umbrella joke about one's inability to keep one for any length of time came back to me with unusual force this morning," remarked the careful man. "I received my umbrella back from the repair man with a bill for $3.85 for recovering it and putting in a new ferrule. The umbrella originally cost me $4.50. I've had it four years now and in that time it has been recovered twice so that it stands me in nearly double its original cost. But then I suppose that is the price I have to pay for my vanity in being able to keep one umbrella for so long."

Mind.

Alfred Woodruff, a six-year-old boy in the El Reno public schools, was asked by "teacher" to write an essay on mind, and here is what his mind produced: "You must mind your mother or you will get a licken. Then you will cry. Some mothers are cross. Some mothers lick you for running off. Some mothers lick you for going up town. Some mothers lick you for going a-swimming. If you will mind you will never get licket."—Kansas City Journal.

A High Regard.

"I suppose you have a certain admiration and esteem for our government?" said the sarcastic citizen. "Undoubtedly," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "Our government has trained some of the most efficient men that we capitalists have in our employ."—Washington Star.

CAN'T ROLL CIGARETTE, OFFICERS ARREST GIRL

MAID IN MAN'S ATTIRE GIVEN AWAY BY INABILITY TO MANUFACTURE HER OWN SMOKE.

St. Louis.—Because Miss Minnie Block, aged 21, with red hair and blue eyes, cannot roll a cigarette like a man, she now is in the city jail. Miss Block, clad in male attire, was arrested the other day on a downtown thoroughfare with Ed Forrest, with whom she had "hoboed" her way from Mead, Kan., her home, to St. Louis, and with whom she intended to travel to Washington in the way in which she reached this city.

Miss Block, wearing Forrest's big shoes to more effectually disguise her sex, wandered about the streets for several hours until finally detectives saw her attempting to make a cigarette of materials handed her by Forrest, and, deciding she was not a

Detectives Arrested Her.

boy, despite her attire, placed her under arrest.

Forrest said he was on his way to Washington to claim his pension for wounds received in the battle of Manila. He says he was awarded a Dewey medal and spent 24 months in the naval hospital. His right leg is stiff.

Miss Block said she met Forrest in Caldwell, Kan. "He asked me if I would beat my way to Washington with him and I told him I would," she said. "I bought this suit at Emporia, Kan., and put it on and went to Kansas City and rode the 'blind baggage' here. We were put off a train at Kansas City, but caught the next one."

Miss Block said she married George Mead in Kansas about three years ago, but that he deserted her after seven months, and she secured a divorce one year ago.

SPEECHLESS FROM RELIGION.

Young Woman Falls In Trance and Converts Many Sinners.

Des Moines, Ia.—Miss Prudence Van Gilder, of Ferry, while in attendance upon a religious meeting there and during a fervid address by Mrs. Ladd, wife of Judge Ladd, of the Iowa supreme court, fell to the floor, was rendered speechless and has remained mute for 18 days. Miss Van Gilder is said to retain her mental faculties but is dumb and confined to her bed, being rigid and unable to turn over. Her jaws are set. Sustenance is administered by means of a tube inserted between her teeth.

The phenomenon presented by the abnormal condition of the young woman has excited great curiosity. Many people from Des Moines have visited Miss Van Gilder. Some of these are stated to have been converted suddenly by the subtle influence exerted by her. Recently she was visited by Rev. A. B. Senseny, former pastor of the East Side Wesleyan church, who is reported to have been impressed deeply by the young woman. Mrs. Ladd, whose powerful appeal is supposed to have precipitated the trance into which Miss Van Gilder passed, is a member of the Pentecostal mission, on the South Side.

Last Year's Anthracite Production.

Luzerne county produced nearly 40 per cent. of the total production of anthracite coal in the United States during the year 1906. Its output was 26,266,978 tons, as compared to 26,655,315 tons in 1905, and while there is a decrease of 388,337 tons it does not detract from Luzerne's position as the most fertile anthracite field in the country. The decrease can be accounted for principally by reason of the suspension last April and May, when the miners were idle for six weeks while negotiations were going on between the miners and operators, which ended in a continuation of the award of the strike commission. The other 60 per cent. was mined in the counties of Carbon, Columbia, Dauphin, Lackawanna, Northumberland and Schuylkill.—Philadelphia Record.

Steals Clothes from Corpse.

Louisville, Ky.—The unusual charge of stealing clothing from a corpse was placed against Robert Price, a colored man, arrested here. Price seems entirely minus the usual dread of death entertained by his race, for it is claimed that he not only took the clothes from a corpse in an undertaking establishment, but that he donned them in the room where the corpse lay and left in them. He was caught after a chase of several blocks.

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For Portsmouth and Portsmouth's Interests.

MONDAY, JUNE 24, 1907.

A CONSTANT MENACE

It becomes increasingly evident that action of some sort must be taken to stop automobile scorching. The lamentable accident of Thursday night but emphasizes what was plain to nearly everyone before. The speeding motor car constitutes a constant danger and one that becomes more menacing every day. The practice of driving automobiles through the streets at high speed must be stopped; otherwise there is liable to be mourning in more than one family.

The other evening, an automobilist was seen speeding his car down a short hill on one of the streets of the city at a rate that would have made it impossible for any one not very active, who might have been in the street at the foot of the hill, to escape. Such carelessness is little short of criminal and if the owners of automobiles are not sufficiently intelligent to run their cars at a moderate speed they should be taught.

There can be no doubt that the automobile is a permanency and as a vehicle for business or pleasure it as nearly approaches the ideal as anything that has yet been produced. One of its great advantages is its speed possibilities and on country roads there can be little objection to rapid traveling. In cities and towns, on the other hand, it is imperative that drivers of motor cars be forced to exercise proper care. Accidents may at times be unavoidable and the person injured may not infrequently be more at fault than the automobile driver, but it must be confessed that in the majority of cases where accidents have occurred the pedestrians injured had little opportunity to get out of the way.

In addition to the danger to those unfortunate enough to be forced to walk, the news record proves that automobiling may become a very perilous pastime for those engaged in it. When driven at too high a speed, the motor car may itself become unmanageable, with serious and very probably fatal results to the occupants of the car themselves.

When one knows that the vehicle in which one is seated can easily travel forty or forty-five miles an hour, the temptation to "open the throttle and let her go" must be very great, but it would be much better for everyone if the desire to annihilate distance could be curbed. Certainly, scorching through the streets of this city must be stopped and there can be no doubt that it will be. No vehicle of any kind should be or will be permitted to travel through the streets of Portsmouth at express train speed.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEWS

It's a dull day that brings no new sensation in the Eddy case.

Former Senator Chandler may not want to be governor, but he would like to have a little fun.

Many a presidential aspirant is placing himself in position to be struck by the lightning.

Boston wants the next Republican convention. Boston wants lots of things, including a real harbor.

Japan says that she is our best friend and has no thought of attacking us. For this relief, much thanks.

The man who can most successfully dodge the issue will evidently be the most satisfactory delegate at The Hague.

Japan insists that her representation at the peace conference does not bind her to refrain from taking anything she can get.

The speeding automobile seems to make the haunts of civilization fully as dangerous as the wilds of Africa or forbidden Thibet.

The Boston and Maine railroad seems to be a hard pill to swallow, but the New York, New Haven and Harford has a capacious maw.

Mark Twain astonished London the other day by walking through the streets of that city clad in a bathrobe. It was probably only one of Mark's little jokes.

OUR EXCHANGES

The Thief

Over the fields when skies are blue
His voice upcalls dead hours anew;
Gay music he brings from woods remote,
For he's stolen a song from the thrush's throat.

When day's end and twilight's gloom
Slip glamor over bud and bloom,
Through the fragrant peace his notes come still—
The dusk-dreams of the whipporwill.

And romance follows in his wake
When sweet and low ere day doth break;
The wind comes through the valley dark
With stolen gladness of the lark.

—Andrew Shaughnessy in Metropolitan Magazine, June number.

A Far Western Joke

Spain is noted for its air castles, and now they have a little heir in the castles.—Tulsa (Indian Territory) World.

One Suggestion

Portsmouth wants a Thomas Bailey Aldrich museum. By all means let it contain the cannon that woke up the Rivermouthians.—Boston Transcript.

The Journal is Gratified

The Journal is naturally glad to see that its proposition that the Aldrich house at Portsmouth be preserved and made a museum is in fair prospect of being carried out. The ancient town by the sea will never have a better opportunity to bestow a blessing on posterity.—Boston Journal.

It Wouldn't be Surprising

Walter Wellman seems to be afraid to tackle that airship proposition of his to reach the North Pole. Maybe he will be more scared before he gets through.—Haverhill Sunday Record.

Of Real Value

Undoubtedly the city of Portsmouth might do worse than purchase the birthplace and boyhood home of Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Its associations are embalmed in one of the Portsmouth boy's most delightful stories and it would be a most appropriate memorial of the poet and story writer. Besides, such memorials to distinguished residents of any city or town are generally found to be very good investments from a financial as well as from a sentimental point of view. They help to stimulate the best kind of inspiration, which is local pride.—Boston Herald.

With Spain the Real Wise Guy

Most interesting news is that of the confirmation of the defensive treaties between England and France and England and Spain for defense of their East Atlantic and Mediterranean possessions.—Lewiston Sun.

SOUTH ELIOT

South Eliot, June 23.

Mrs. D. W. Merrow of Omaha, Neb., arrived on Saturday for a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Dixon.

Rev. Mr. Shattuck of Dover conducted services at the Advent Church on Sunday.

A number of people from here attended the graduating exercises in Kittery on Friday.

Leon Spinney was the winner of the Rowell medal for the freshman class of Traip Academy, Kittery.

Mrs. Cook and daughter, Mrs. Patterson of Morris Heights, N. J., have been visiting Mrs. Elizabeth Fernald.

Rev. G. M. Brown returned on Wednesday from Boston, where he attended the marriage of a relative.

Prof. John Brooks and daughter of Champaign, Ill., were in Exeter to attend the commencement exercises. His son, Raymond Brooks, was one of the graduates, and in the fall will accompany the family to their Western home, he having made his home with his grandparents here during the past few years.

Sentiment Would Block Progress.

When the project of building a railway to the top of the Matterhorn was first announced, a few months ago, there was considerable opposition to it. Zermatt and the district of Visp protested, and the Swiss Alpine club was antagonistic. The "Verein fur Heimatschutz," the aim of which is to protect the Alps against vandalism, refused, on the other hand, to vote against the railway, but left the matter to the judgment of individual members. The Alpine club finally withdrew its objections when attention was called to the fact that it had not withstood the Jungfrau railway (about two-thirds of which is now completed). The originator of the Matterhorn project, the eminent engineer, H. Imfeld, has written for the Alpina an article in which he reviews the objections. The chief ones are that the railway would disfigure the mountain, would desecrate it, and injure the guides at Zermatt. His answer is that, in the first place, the aspect of the mountain will not be changed in the least, as the railway will be subterranean all the way up. The station will not impede the view on top, and will hardly be visible to the naked eye from Zermatt. The charge of desecration was also brought at first against the Jungfrau project, and even against the Rigi railway, nearly 40 years ago; it was soon found to be foolish. As for the guides, they will probably have as much employment as ever. There are now four routes for ascending the Matterhorn, and they will be used as before by those whose main object is the sport of climbing. The railway will be a blessing to the thousands who cannot climb.

A Fishing Notebook.

For several years it has been my custom to keep on my desk a memorandum book, devoted entirely to fishing notes and bits of useful information, gathered here and there, writes Howard James in the Outer's Book. On one page I find a list of the friends and neighbors to whom I hope to have the pleasure of sending packages of trout this season; on another I find a list of articles necessary to take on a fishing trip. This has been increased and diminished from time to time, till it represents what I consider necessary. The first time that I pack my kit for the season, I consult this, to see that my outfit is complete, and that nothing has been omitted. It is the minor details that often occasion much inconvenience, such as the tube of vaseline, the jar of mosquito dope, the tooth brush, the waterproof match box, or the housewife with needles, thread and buttons. An angler must be an orderly person or he will come to grief.

Naming the Spanish baby the prince of the Asturias is just a temporary arrangement until the geographers and the philologists can get together and, with the aid of relays of stenographers, fix up a permanent name for the helpless infant. The real and official name of a Spanish king is like a Chinese play. You read part of it to-day and come back to-morrow and the day after to get the rest. It embraces everything that the historians can think of and a few more smooth-sounding words thrown in for good measure. One would judge from reading the official title of King Alfonso XIII., for instance, that he was the supreme ruler of the earth, the air, the waters under the earth and New Mexico, Alaska, Patagonia and all intermediate points. If you will notice, their photographs show that nearly all the recent kings of Spain were stoop-shouldered. That came from trying to carry their full names around with them.

St. Louis highwaymen stripped their victim of his clothing after taking his valuables, and the unfortunate was compelled to walk to the Four Courts in his undergarments. This is going too far. There should be some chivalry as well as honor among thieves.

Frank P. Riley, the St. Louis boy who narrowly escaped death in Central America as a Nicaraguan spy, and who has enlisted in the navy, is one of those seekers after strenuosity who will no doubt disfavor navy and military disarmament.

History must be rewritten. The governors of North and South Carolina met at the Jamestown exposition, and neither raised a hand above his elbow.

King Alfonso, Queen Victoria and the rest of the royal bunch at Madrid have probably learned about now who is the real ruler of the roost.

If Englishmen in India had ever imagined that the natives loved them, they would be undeceived this spring.

"Farm grown alcohol can beat the world," says Secretary Wilson. Could, perhaps, if there were enough of it.

Even the hotel clerks are hit by the increased cost of living. Diamonds are going up.

Skim milk cannot masquerade as ice cream under the new food law.

AT THE NAVY YARD

The work was begun this morning of discharging the collier Hannibal, which arrived on Sunday with a cargo of coal and for repairs.

The tug Nezinscot is on the route of ferry steamer, No. 132, and is making her yard landings at the quay at the entrance of the dry dock and on the Portsmouth side at Broughton's wharf.

Capt. C. P. Rees conducted a fishing party outside on Sunday. The day was an ideal one for the pleasure and some excellent catches were made by those who handled the lines.

The men of the tug Nezinscot are putting on lots of extra airs today. Inquiry proved that their attitude was not due to any new ratings, but to the purchase of a large automobile by Engineer Charles Pratt for the exclusive use of that ship's company. There will be something doing when this large forty-horse power machine arrives and is put in service. It will certainly be four bells and a jingle when they let loose on the road between Kittery and Somersworth.

The scout cruiser building at Bath Iron Works will be launched on Wednesday, June 26. This ship will receive her stores and go in commission at this yard and ought to be here by the first of the Winter.

Alonzo H. Evans, Boston's oldest bank president, at 87, is robust and hearty, and shows by his own example the result of living the kind of life that he prescribes for the youth of to-day. Mr. Evans has the greatest confidence in the generation of the present and thinks if they follow his advice they will succeed. He says: "Apply yourself, young man, if you would succeed. Work hard, be honest, be truthful, be loyal to your employer, save something out of each week's pay, even if it is little, but, above all, apply yourself."

Twenty years ago the population of Oklahoma could be enumerated in Indians and a few thousand squaw men, cowboys and cattle kings. In 1890, one year after the first opening of Oklahoma territory, there were more than 60,000 people living on 2,000,000 acres of land. To-day the white population may conservatively be estimated at over 1,500,000.

In the newly organized province of Alberta, western Canada, bordering the foothills of the Rocky mountains, is the latest stake of Zion. There 8,000 trekkers from Utah are farming and ranching, and incidentally building up a strong cause of Latter Day Saints in the dominion, as an integral part of the army of 300,000 that constitutes the sect the world over.

Fresh salmon are scarce, but the canned article we have always with us, and in a salad it can hardly be distinguished from real simon pure arrivals from Maine. Mayonnaise is a wonderful magician in making things appear what they are not, especially when pig masquerades as chicken.

There is a woman in New York who has been doing valiant service for the Humane society by addressing drivers and teamsters and telling them how to use their horses better and in a more humane manner. She is Mrs. Diana Belais, and her husband is president of the New York Humane society.

Before Mr. Stead lays much more stress on his theory that women are the only well read persons, because men have time for nothing but the newspapers, he ought to enlighten his understanding by going to the libraries and finding out just what the women read.

"The navy department has given orders to rush work on battleships and intends to have 25 battleships and 13 armored cruisers in commission within one year." Still we must all continue to speak as softly as we can.

Baron Rothschild has made King Edward a present of 1,000 fine cigars. It is a curious fact that none of the people of England seem to think the baron is getting ready to make a political touch or anything of that kind.

Carnegie thinks the German emperor can abolish war if he wants to. But perhaps the German emperor finds it profitable and pleasant to stand aside and watch other people fight.

And now an applicant for admission at Harvard has warmly complimented Shakespeare by stating, "I have read most of his Waverly novels."

A single drug store in Moscow fills 2,000 prescriptions a day. No wonder the people there have a riotous disposition.

One of the fashionable articles of feminine headgear resembles a large mushroom, and is even more expensive.

U. S. COLLIER MARCELLUS

The United States collier Hannibal arrived on Sunday afternoon from Hampton Roads. The collier at once came up to the yard and took a berth She is here for an overhauling.

BETTER TAKE THE STREET

Sidewalk bicycle riding in the vicinity of the forge plant will be ended by somebody facing the court or serious injury to some pedestrians.

PRISONERS ARRIVE

A bunch of fifteen prisoners from Norfolk, Va., arrived here on Sunday evening for the prison ship Southery at the navy yard.

ISLES OF SHOALS
Off Portsmouth, N. H.
10 Miles Out at Sea
The Ideal Vacation Spot
OPEN JUNE 27
APPLEDORE AND OCEANIC
Two Excellent Hotels
Under New Management
FINEST BATHING AND FISHING
For Terms and Booklets, Address
C. J. RAMSDELL, - - MANAGER
Isles of Shoals, Portsmouth

Hampton Beach Theatre
OPENING OF THE SEASON
ONE WEEK STARTING Monday, June 24
MATINEE EVERY DAY
JOSEPH J. FLYNN
Presents the Dainty Musical Mixture in Two Acts,
THE BELLE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE
A Whirling Revelry of Mirth and Melody.
The splendid interpreting company includes: Tom Whyte, C. C. Ferguson, Wm. H. White, Harry Bate, Grace Eular, Gwynn Jones, Katherine Powers, Russell Randall, Little Marion and a Dancing Chorus of Pretty Girls in gay attire.

Fire and Water Proof
REX FLINTKOTE ROOFING
ASK ABOUT IT.
GRAY & PRIME,
sts for Portsmouth and Vicinity,
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Actual increase 2,458,581 for twelve months ending Dec. 31st, 1906. This is the record of the
7-20-4
10c Cigar
Thirty-two years New England's Favorite.
R. G. SULLIVAN Mfr
Manchester, N. H.

Book Binding
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
Blank Books Made to Order.
J. D. RANDALL,
Over Beane's Store, Congress St.

WANT ADS
Such as for sale, wanted, to let, lost found, etc.
One Cent A Word
For Each Insertion
3 LINES ONE WEEK
40 CENTS.

WANTED—Small jobs of paluting, washing windows, taking care of horses or any kind of work. Jas. H. Moore, care of Randall, 44 Congress street. c,h Je 13 1w.

FOR SALE—Cooking stove and kitchen utensils at 41 Cabot street. c,h,je20,3t.

TO LET—House, all modern conveniences. Inquire at 3 Rockland street or 36 Penhallow street. chJ8tf

WANTED—House painters. Long job. Apply to J. E. Hoxie, 58 State street. ch-m24-tf

FOR SALE—A restaurant paying $1500 yearly for $550, less than fixtures cost. Reason for selling, going west. Address, Lock Box 87, Newburyport, Mass. ch-m22-tf

FOR SALE—Beach lot at Wallis Sands, fronting on beach. Address B. F. D., this office. ch18tf

FOR SALE—A dozen second hand doors. Inquire at this office. ch15tf

WHIST SCORE CARDS—For sale at this office

FOR SALE—Quantity of iron grating such as is used in banks. Inquire at this office ch13tf

PRINTING—Get estimates from the Chronicle on all kinds of work.

FOR SALE—Electric motors; one 12 horse power, one 3 horse power. Inquire at this office.

PLACARDS—For Sale, To Let, Furnished Rooms, etc., can be had at the Chronicle office.

FOR SALE—Large bank desk, formerly used at Portsmouth Savings Bank. Inquire at this office. ch15tf

LOST—A silver belt pin, an acorn with fern design. Finder will please leave at Rockingham hotel. ch-1w

LOST—A light brown St. Bernard dog, about eleven months old, strap around neck. Finder please return to City Marshal Entwistle, Portsmouth, N. H. J18hc1w

YOUNG men look well. Shave and neckshave, fifteen cents; hair cut, twenty-five cents; Pompeian massage by electricity. Open Thursday afternoons. Asay and Asay, Jr., and G. W. Lowe, 10 Water street. J24hc1w

DRESSMAKING—Miss Josie Corcoran, graduate of Brown Designing and Dressmaking College, Boston, is prepared to take work at her rooms, 55 New Vaughan street; satisfaction guaranteed. J24h1w

LOT OF LAND FOR SALE ON CASS ST.
50 feet front, 100 feet deep.
C. E. TRAFTON,
Real Estate Agent,
PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

BUTTER AND PRODUCE
We are headquarters for VERMONT DAIRY and CREAMERY BUTTER. Also SOUTHERN AND NATIVE PRODUCE.
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PROFESSIONAL CARD
F. S. TOWLE, M. D
Physician and Surgeon
84 STATE ST., PORTSMOUTH, N.
Office Hours—Until 9 a. m.; 1 to 4 and 7 to 9 p. m.

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Plumbing and Heating.
Telephone Connection.
NO. 17 BOW ST.

George A. Jackson
CARPENTER —AND BUILDER,
No. 6 Dearborn Street
Jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to.

Boston Tavern.
Handy to Theatres and in the Heart of the Business District.
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STRICTLY FIREPROOF.
European Plan.
PRIVATE DINING ROOMS
THEATRE AND DINNER PARTIES A SPECIALTY.

Granite State Fire Insurance Co
Of Portsmouth, N. H
Paid-Up Capital, $200,000
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—DEALERS IN—
Eastern and Western
LUMBER
SHINGLES, CLAPBOARDS, PICKETS, ETC.,
For Cash at Lowest Market Prices.
Market Street,
PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

GRAND UNION HOTEL
Opposite Grand Central Station
NEW YORK CITY
Every convenience at moderate expense.
Rooms $1.00 a day and upward
Send 2-cent stamp for New York City Guidebook and Map.

Women as Well as Men Are Made Miserable, by Kidney and Bladder Trouble.

Kidney trouble preys upon the mind, discourages and lessens ambition; beauty, vigor and cheerfulness soon disappear when the kidneys are out of order or diseased.

Kidney trouble has become so prevalent that it is not uncommon for a child to be born afflicted with weak kidneys. If the child urinates too often, if the urine scalds the flesh, or if, when the child reaches an age when it should be able to control the passage, it is yet afflicted with bed-wetting, depend upon it, the cause of the difficulty is kidney trouble, and the first step should be towards the treatment of these important organs. This unpleasant trouble is due to a diseased condition of the kidneys and bladder and not to a habit as most people suppose.

Women as well as men are made miserable with kidney and bladder trouble, and both need the same great remedy. The mild and the immediate effect of **Swamp-Root** is soon realized. It is sold by druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles. You may have a sample bottle by mail free, also a pamphlet telling all about Swamp-Root, including many of the thousands of testimonial letters received from sufferers cured. In writing Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure and mention this paper. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

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NEW YORK CITY.

Within Easy Access of Every Point of Interest. Half Block from Wanamaker's. 5 minutes' walk of Shopping District.

NOTED FOR: Excellence of Cuisine, Comfortable Appointments, Courteous Service and Homelike Surroundings.

ROOMS $1.50 PER DAY AND UP
EUROPEAN PLAN.
Table d'Hote Breakfast 50c.
WM. TAYLOR & SON, Inc.
ALSO
HOTEL MARTINIQUE,
Broadway & 33rd Street.

NO BROWN GAME

Neither Does Dartmouth List a Contest With Williams

Games with Brown and Williams are omitted from the Dartmouth football schedule, just made public, and New Hampshire College and Tufts are included. The last game scheduled is with Harvard at Cambridge on Nov. 16. The full list follows:

Sept. 28, Norwich University at Hanover;

Oct. 3, University of Vermont at Hanover;

Oct. 9, New Hampshire College at Hanover;

Oct. 12, Massachusetts Agricultural College at Hanover;

Oct. 19, University of Maine at Portland;

Oct. 26, Amherst at Amherst;

Nov. 2, open;

Nov. 9, Holy Cross at Hanover;

Nov. 16, Harvard at Cambridge.

ARRESTED FOR STREET WALKING

Five Young Girls Arrested by the Police on Saturday and Sunday

The police on Saturday night and Sunday arrested five young girls, their ages ranging from sixteen to twenty seven years, including one colored girl, for street walking. The police have had more or less complaints from the parents and others about these people, and they were gathered in, and will be given a trial. There are about a dozen more marked for trial for the same offense.

KINGHTS TEMPLAR

Leave on Sunday for Intervale, N. H. to Pass St. John's Day

De Witt Clinton Commandery Knights Templar, left this city on Sunday for the annual outing at Intervale, N. H. They were accompanied by the Naval Band, and they marched from their asylum on Congress street to the depot in full uniform. A special train was taken for Intervale, where they will pass St. John's day.

LEAVE FOR STATE CAMP GROUND

Company B, N. H. N. G. will Pass the Week in Camp with Regiment

Company B. N. H. N. G. left this city on a special train at six o'clock this morning for the state Camp Ground at Concord. The company never presented a better appearance, and there was the largest number of men in line since the Spanish War.

The militia call was sounded on the fire alarm shortly after five o'clock, and this called the members of the company together, all responding in remarkably short time. They had everything packed ready for marching orders and got away from their armory like a lot of veterans. The company were accompanied to Concord by Col. Clinton Taylor of Governor Floyd's staff.

MILITARY FUNERAL

Thomas Perry, Medal of Honor Man in the British and American Navies Buried

The funeral of Thomas Perry a medal of honor man in the British and the United States navies, was held at two o'clock on Sunday afternoon from Nickerson's undertaking rooms on Daniel street. The funeral was under the direction of Camp Schley Veterans of the Spanish War, and Chaplain Frank Thompson U. S. N., of the navy yard read the service. The body was escorted to the grave in Harmony Grove Cemetery by Camp Schley and a detail from Company B N. H. N. G. As the body was lowered into the grave three volleys were fired by the detail and taps sounded. The pallbearers were John Clifford, Charles Myers, John Foden and Joseph Perreault.

NEWS OF SHIPPING

Following are the whereabouts of local vessels now in commission: Annie F. Conlon, at Fernandina for Fall River; Alice S. Wentworth, at Providence from Vineyard Haven; John J. Hanson, en route from Newport News to Bangor; John Bracewell, at Dutch Island Harbor, Bluehill for New York; J. Frank Seavey, at Stonington for New York; Jonathan Sawyer, en route from Sullivan to Philadelphia; Lizzie J. Call, en route from Augusta to New York; Thomas B. Garland, at Dutch Island Harbor, Stonington for New York; Wilson and Willard, at Rockland from Steuben, Me.

Schooner Robin Hood, a Gloucester fisherman built in 1884 and of ninety-two tons, has been added to the coasting fleet.

Schooner Catherine, built in 1833, is being rebuilt at Ellsworth.

Schooners Benjamin Russell and Georgetta Lawrence have just been purchased by Maine owners from Southern parties.

Steamer Munnatawkit is due here from New London on June 26 to run on the Shoals route. She was built at New London in 1890, is 204 gross tonnage and 117 feet long.

A HORSE WITH A RECORD

The valuable horse, Falcon, Jr., owned by Mrs. Henri L. Bates is, The Herald is assured, the fastest in the state. He was on the best race tracks for five years and was classed with some of the speediest animals in the country. He was a winner many times and made a record of 2.14. Falcon, Jr., is a very clever equine and perfectly sound in every way. Mrs. Bates has received many flattering offers for him, but has steadfastly refused to part with him.

IDEAL WEATHER

Sunday was an ideal day and the result was a heavy travel to the beaches. The Atlantic Shore line did a big business, being obliged to run double headers out of this city and Dover for York Beach. On the local road the travel was also very heavy, and the summer time table on this road went into effect Sunday morning, with cars to Rye and Hampton every half hour. The Exeter line went on Summer time Saturday, with hourly cars over that line.

OBSEQIES

The funeral of Mrs. Mary C. Sanborn was held at two o'clock Sunday afternoon from her late home on South street. Rev. George W. Gile, the pastor of the Middle Street Baptist church officiated, and the Storer Relief Corp attended in a body and held services. Interment was in Harmony Grove Cemetery under the direction of H. W. Nickerson.

CARRIAGE OVERTURNED

Mrs. Carrie Tarlton of New Castle, while driving on Junkins avenue Saturday afternoon was thrown from her carriage, by the horse suddenly taking fright at something and bolting. She was badly shaken up.

For Over Sixty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Guaranteed under the food and drugs act June 30, 1906. Serial number, 1098.

FELL DOWN STAIRS

Mrs. Luther Thompson fell down stairs at her home at the Plains on Saturday, and was seriously injured.

A HUNDRED YEARS

(Continued from first page)

coming general convention.

Offertory Anthem, "Send Out Thy Light," Gounod

A little incident of the service, was the presence on the altar of a sprig of the syringa bush in the church yard near the window of the rector's office, and this was the twenty-fourth year that Rev. H. E. Hovey had yearly on St. John's day taken a sprig of the same bush and placed it on the altar. This year, forthe first time, the bush was not in bloom, owing to the backward season.

Rev. H. E. Hovey has been the rector of St. John's Church since Feb. 1883. He was born in Lowell, Nov. 23, 1844, and graduated from Trinity college in 1866, and the General Theological Seminary, New York, a few years after, and he studied for a time at Oxford, England. His first church was St. John's at Fort Hamilton, New York, and in 1870 he was rector of the church of the Ascension at Fall River, and two years later took St. Barnabas at Brooklyn. He was traveling in Europe when he was offered at the same time the rectorship of the American Episcopal church at Geneva, Switzerland and St. John's Church of this city, and he accepted the latter, assuming his work Feb. 1883. He was also rector of Christ church for a number of years.

PORT OF PORTSMOUTH

Arrivals at and Departures From Our Harbor June 24

Arrived

United States collier Hannibal, Randall, Philadelphia June 20, with 2,300 tons of coal to the navy yard.

United States fish commission steamer Gannet, Greenleaf, Boothbay.

Steamer Amethyst (British), Fulton, St. Anne's Bay, N. S., June 20, with 800 cords of pulpwood to the Publishers' Paper Company.

Steamer Sophia, Griffin, Cape Ann, towing sloop Mary A. White, both with stone for the navy yard.

Steamer Reliance, Merriman, Newburyport, with sand for the navy yard.

Tug Wyoming, McGoldrich, Perth Amboy, towing barge Eckley, with 1,200 tons of coal to Boston and Maine railroad.

Tug Mars, Morix, Philadelphia, towing barges Burnside, with 1,400 tons of coal to Boston and Maine railroad, Phoenix for Portland and Munatawny for Hallowell, and sailed with last two.

Tug Honey Brook, Durkee, Portland, towing barges C. R. R. of N. J. No's 8 and 15; picked up No. 5 and sailed for Port Johnson.

Tug Teaser, Calhoun, Salem; picked up barge Samar and sailed for Philadelphia.

Tug Portsmouth, Perkins, Boston, towing barge Newcastle.

Tug Piscataqua, Drew, York, towing barge P. N. Co. No. 14, for Boston, with brick.

Sailed

U. S. F. C. steamer Gannet, Boothbay.

Steamer Reliance Newburyport.

Schooner Lyman M. Law, Newport News and Bangor.

Schooner James H. Hoyt, Rockland, to repair.

Schooner Little Sadie, Sheepscot, Me.

Tug M. Mitchell Davis, towing barge No. 23, Baltimore for Cape Porpoise, and tug returned light.

Tug Richmond, Boston.

Tug Wyoming, Boston.

Light southerly winds, hazy.

Note—Schooners William H. Gafford and J. R. Teel, reported in dispatches as bound to Boston, are coming to this port with coal.

W. C. T. U. NOTICE

The regular meeting of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union will be held at the Home for Aged Women on Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock, demonstrating the work of the flower mission department. Gifts of money, fruit, flowers, cereals or anything that will be of use at the home will be acceptable. The hearty cooperation of our citizens by their presence and generous contributions will cheer the hearts of the inmates, and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. "Give as ye have opportunity."

CHALLENGE ACCEPTED

The Grattan Athletic Club of this city has accepted the challenge of the Garryowens of Boston to play for the Gaelic football championship of New England and a purse of $100, the game to be played at the Clan-na-Gael picnic at Revere Beach on July 4.

The long Summer vacation has begun.

KITTERY LETTER.

(Continued from first page)

Mohican is a very handsome craft and was built in Scotland. The schooner yacht Hope Leslie of Boston, owned by Commodore Lawrence Minot of the Eastern Yacht Club, was also in. At the Shoals were the steam yacht Juanita, Frank B. McQuesten, and the schooner Constellation, Francis Skinner, Jr., both of Boston.

Repairs are being made to the Champernowne where it was struck by lightning last Tuesday night. The floating stage was placed in commission on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Duckeshire of Malden, Mass., are visiting in town.

Stephen Decatur has sold his sloop yacht Wawa to Boston parties and not in Portsmouth, as previously reported. She is now enrolled in the Savin Hill Yacht Club. Mr. Decatur has a twenty-five foot Emmons power boat under construction, which will be delivered in about a month.

Oliver L. Frisbee has moved his family from Portsmouth into his cottage "The Anchorage" on Fishing Island for the Summer.

Mrs. Addison W. Tobey has returned from a visit with relatives in Boston.

Ernest Call of Malden, Mass., is passing a vacation with relatives here.

Grover Tuttle has returned from a visit with his father in New Durham, N. H.

John Hodgdon of Lynn, Mass., is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel H. Hodgdon.

Mrs. Louis E. Fagan of Philadelphia has as her guest at the Patch cottage her sister, Miss Anna Colahan.

D. E. Gilchrest has sold his twenty-four foot gasoline boat to Frank Morse of Kittery. She was one of the best of the Kittery Point fleet.

Mrs. Arthur C. Heffenger and daughter Miss Priscilla of Portsmouth called on friends in town on Sunday.

The gasoline fisherman Alert of Boothbay laid at Frisbee's pier Saturday night and on Sunday caught her utmost capacity of pollock near the Isles of Shoals and took them to Gloucester. The Alert is a fine little craft of twelve tons, built at East Boothbay in 1904. She has a twenty-five horse power Standard.

All the Summer hotels hereabouts will be open by the end of this week.

Arthur Dedes

33 Market St.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Fruit Dealer

Oranges, from $3 to $3.75 per box.

Bananas, 8 and 9 hands, bunches rom $1.50 to $1.75.

Lemons, from $4 to $5 box.

Cantaloupes, from $3 to $3.50 box.

Pineapples, from $3 to $3.50 box.

All Kinds of Fruits at the Lowest Prices

H. W. NICKERSON

LICENSED EMBALMER
— AND —
FUNERAL DIRECTOR
6 Daniel Street, Portsmouth

Calls by night at residence, 9 Miller avenue, or 11 Gates street, will receive prompt attention.
Telephone at office and residence.

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Funeral Designs a Specialty.

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ROGERS ST.

There's never any falling off in the grand flavor of

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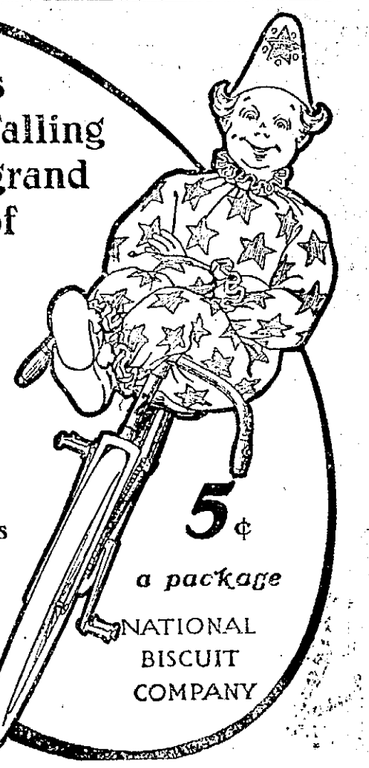
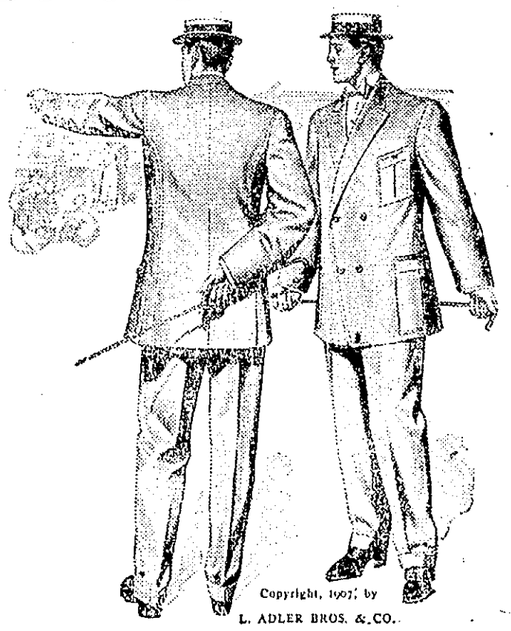
Ginger Snaps

The nicest, spiciest, most tantalizing ginger snaps ever made.



5¢ *a package*

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



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Agent for Hawes, Crofut & Knapp and Boston Derby. Straw and Panama Hats for Summer.

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SPRING SUITINGS,

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Our stock is selected carefully, chosen with discriminating care and a ripened judgment in buying and selling from the best productions of the weaver's art, and as a consequence we offer the finest

Domestic and Imported Woolens

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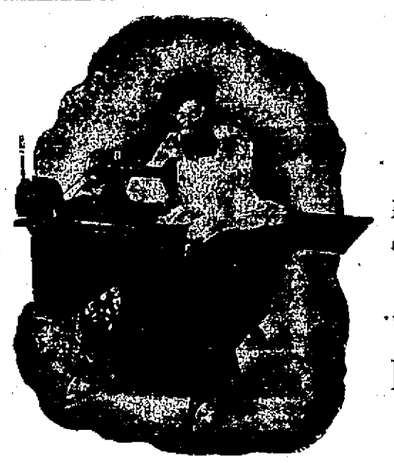

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Offers a Choice Selection of

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS

At 10 Per Cent Discount

New and Stylish Suits for Ladies just received. Also Waists, Skirts, Coats, Silk Underskirts, etc.

14 MARKET STREET

Terms—Cash or Credit.

A New Hotel
at the Old Stand
$250,000 has just been spent
Remodeling, Refurnishing, and Redecorating the
HOTEL EMPIRE
Broadway, Empire Square & 63d St.
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Restaurant and Service Unexcelled
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If you want your carriages or carts repaired, or new ones made, we will give you the benefit of our 45 years experience n this business without xpense.
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"Having taken your wonderful "Cascarets" for three months and being entirely cured of stomach rclarrh and dyspepsia, I think a word of praise is due to "Cascarets" for their wonderful composition. I have taken numerous other so-called remedies but without avail and I find that Cascarets relieve more in a day than all the others I have taken would in a year."
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Best For The Bowels
Cascarets
CANDY CATHARTIC
THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP
Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken or Gripe, 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped CCC. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.
Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N.Y. 593
ANNUAL SALE, TEN MILLION BOXES

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CANADIAN PACIFIC R'y
$80.50 to $93.00
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Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
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"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

By EMMETT CAMPBELL HALL.

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"The public," John Kennedy, of the Independent Theatrical Company, Limited, announced pompously to the newspaper men, "is growing tired of poor shows by people who have nothing but a reputation—gotten almost any old way. What they want is a good show, a good play with good actors, and the name of the actor or actress doesn't have the value of a last year's door-check."

It was in following out this plan, therefore, that Kennedy picked out Marshall Madden as his leading man for "The Cottage and the Studio," a simple little tale of struggle and heartache, of strength and the performance of hard duty.

"But say, I don't know a thing about this artistic atmosphere of Paris, and all that, you know," Madden objected when his selection was announced to him. His strong point was "atmosphere" and "local color," and he had been playing for years in dramas of the west. "I have been fooling with guns and spurs so long," he continued, "that I am pretty near a real cow-puncher. Hot art student I'll make."

"That's all right," Kennedy said, soothingly. "You'll make good, all right. As to the atmosphere, I'm going to have you run over to Paris and acquire it. You'll start at once, and when you get there, you fix up a studio and join some class—just live the thing, you know."

"All right," Madden agreed. "How about the leading lady? She is supposed to be an art student also, you know."

"Haven't decided on one just yet, though I have one in mind," Kennedy replied.

The result of all of which was that some four weeks later Marshall Madden was established, humbly, as befitted his purse and the part he was to play in the next winter's production, as a full-fledged art student in Paris, under the name of Weldon Hampton.

It was just a month after his arrival in Paris that Madden met Elsie Proctor at a little students' gathering, and from that instant the days to Madden were golden.

In the frank, easy air of the studios they soon became far more intimate in a short time than would have been the case under any other circumstances, but at all times there was about the girl a certain shy reserve that checked too rapid an advance. To Madden she appeared as the one girl of his life, and she was evidently not indifferent to the big, handsome chap, though she could not resist the temptation to tease.

That was one of her most charming traits, although at times it drove him to the brink of despair.

"Why won't you be direct with me, girl?" he pleaded. "You must see how much I care—don't play with me," but the girl would only smile inscrutably.

"You are very large for a plaything, are you not?" she would say, laughingly, and he would go away raging inwardly, and occasionally boiling over, to the hurt of his studio furniture.

By and by she grew more gentle, and confided to him some of the details of her life—how, as a child in her poor, cramped and bare New England home she had longed for some of the beautiful things of life; how in that hard soil her artistic talent had struggled toward blossom, and how at last she had succeeded in obtaining a position in New York which enabled her by the closest economy to finally come to Paris and take the course for which she had longed. It would have to be short, however, she told him; she would have to go home early in the coming fall, to again secure her position. A widowed mother and two smaller children required her support.

"Why, that might have been Jessie's story!" he exclaimed aloud.

"Then she has my sympathy, though I do not know her," Elsie said. "Who is she?"

He flushed a little, thinking how near he had come to giving away his secret.

"Oh, just a character in a play," he said.

"And 'the play's the thing,' isn't it?" she murmured, her eyes fixed upon a distant point.

Madden was startled. Had she penetrated his make-believe? Almost at once, however, she changed the subject, and he gradually grew reassured.

As the time for his return to New York drew near, Madden pressed his suit with more and more ardor, only to be kept gently at a safe distance.

At last the night before the day on which he was to leave arrived. He had called to see her, and found her with suspiciously bright eyes. Her handkerchief was crumpled into a little damp ball in her hand, and her slender form drooped wearily.

Madden seated himself upon the couch beside her, and took her hands in his.

"I am going to-morrow, dear," he whispered. "Will you not say you care a little for me—that you might, some day?"

"I—I do care, Weldon," the girl said, slowly; "care more than I have let you see. But you—is it real to you?"

It was his cue in the last act of "The Cottage and the Studio" that she had unknowingly spoken, but in the stress of his emotion he did not notice it. Unconsciously, however, he took it up.

"Is it real? How can you ask that, sweetheart?" he cried, and pressed the hand he held to his lips. "Can't you see, feel, how great is my love for you, how great my need? Oh, sweetheart, I love you, love you! Will you not marry me, darling?"

His arms were about her, and he drew her gently toward him.

"If I could but know—only know—" she whispered, and they were the lines that "Jessie" should speak.

"Prove me as you will, my darling," he urged, and tried to draw her closer, but the girl wrenched herself free and sprang to her feet.

"There is no need to prove you further; you are a good actor," she said, bitterly.

For a moment he gazed at her uncomprehendingly, then the truth burst upon him that he had been going through the scene, word for word, of the parting in "The Cottage and the Studio."

"But, how—how did you—" he began, bewildered, but the girl walked to the other end of the room.

"Please go away," she said, coldly, and he rose unsteadily to his feet. "I hope your rehersal has been of benefit," she added, mockingly, as, with downcast eyes he stumbled from her presence.

What could it mean? He asked himself the question a thousand times, and arrived at no answer. Only one thing stood out clearly, and that was that he had lost her, the only girl he had ever loved—that she regarded him as one who would take advantage of a pretended love to use a girl as a lay-figure on which to hang the tinsel rags of the stage.

Upon his arrival in New York he found a call for a meeting of the new company, to take place in a week. He threw the sheet from him with a groan.

"I can't do it!" he cried, but the instinct of the actor was strong in Madden, and promptly at the hour named in the call he entered the theater.

Kennedy, coatless, hot, and beaming, seized upon him.

"Hello, old man!" he exclaimed, joyously. "Come on and meet the bunch. Say, I've got the greatest ever, and no paper-house in that, either. If we don't make 'em sit up—come on—here's our leading lady."

Madden turned, and looked into the eyes of Elsie Proctor.

"Miss Bates, this is Mr. Marshall Madden—excuse me, please!" he said, and rushed away.

The girl held out her hand, and smiled.

"How are you, Mr. Hampton," she said, and laughed an uncertain little laugh.

"You—you knew all the time?" he gasped. "Kennedy sent you to Paris, too—why, Oh, why didn't you tell me, girl?" She could not but see the pain in his eyes, and her own softened.

"It—did it matter, much?" she asked.

"No, not to you. But to me—it has taken all the gladness out of life for me. Of course I will resign my part in this company—I know what your feelings must be at the bare sight of me, but I despise myself much more than you can possibly," he said, slowly, and turned away.

She came nearer to him, and laid a hand gently upon his arm.

"Please don't," she said, softly.

"You—you want me to stay?" he stammered, while a light of joy flamed in his eyes.

"Yes," she answered, so softly that he could hardly catch the words. "I think we could act that parting so well, on the stage, dearest."

And inasmuch as they happened to be standing behind an opportune piece of scenery, and the other members of the company were gathered about Kennedy at the other side of the stage, no one saw what happened then except the old janitor, and he will never tell.

To Make Study of Indians.

The Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology of Harvard is making arrangements to send a party this summer to study the Nez Perces Indians in Idaho. The effort will be to learn something of the language and customs of the tribe, about which little is known, as they are a secretive people. H. J. Spinden, an instructor in the department of anthropology, will be in charge of the work, and will have as his assistant R. R. Hellman, a student in the medical school. They will leave Cambridge immediately after the close of the college year and will spend about six weeks in the work, after which Mr. Spinden will go to Washington.

Rapid Rise of American Boy.

Ransford D. Buckman, of Worcester, Mass., recently appointed naval adviser to the sultan of Turkey, is now in command of the fleet which guards the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, with the rank of admiral. His first experience as a sailor was gained on the great lakes, where he was a cabin boy. Now, at 40, he is an admiral.

Much Titled Man.

Lord Cope, who recently entered his forty-sixth year, enjoys two earldoms, two viscountcies and three baronies in the peerage of Ireland, but he has no seat in that country and is himself of English descent.

Mackay to Have Statue.

A bronze statue of John W. Mackey in miner's costume is to be unveiled at Hopo next September, on the occasion of the dedication of the Mackay School of Mines, given to the University of Nebraska by Mr. Mackay.

ARCADIA

By FRANCIS BUCKLEY EMBREE

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Arcadia bloomed outside. Bee and bird and perfume of flowers brought their message of loveline to the young girl standing by the French window opening on the piazza of a pleasant farm-house. She was a tall, slight girl with a wistful look underlying the brightness of her face, as though she feared life might steal from her the happiness she felt to be her rightful heritage. One instinctively felt hers to be one of those delicately-balanced natures resulting from the warring of conflicting powers—there were the daring eyes and the firm chin of one who achieves, but the brow of ideality and a weak hand spoke of a love of ease and hours of dreaming.

The lovelight deepened in the beautiful eyes as the form of a young man appeared far down the road leading to the farm-house. The girl moved and was about to step out on the piazza when her steps were arrested by the sound of her own name.

"It's in Bessie Dunlop's blood, I reckon. Her mother did the same thing thirty-odd years ago in this very house. Strange, isn't it? Never came back herself, poor dear, although she was that fond of the place—not even for a visit! I reckon she never saw the day she could afford it."

The speaker paused as if to give the long, painful years time to pass, and then continued.

"So she just plodded along and raised her big family as best she could—all the time wantin' money and education for 'em, which she couldn't no way get, and finally lettin' this baby-girl go to a rich aunt who hadn't any children of her own, so as she could have the chance to enjoy something of the world. Well, if poor Lizzie Sloan could have seen her comin' down here and givin' herself away to Peter Jackson's Henry, I reckon she'd not have been so willin' to skimp herself of her baby's kisses."

Good Mrs. Franklin paused and wiped the perspiration from her face, and Mrs. James Lewellen Brown said:

"Sister Franklin, I can't think you are speakin' accordin' to your profession. There ain't a likelier young man in Knarl's Bottom than Henry Jackson, and him intendin' to be a minister of the gospel."

But Mrs. Franklin had recovered her breath.

"'Twas just so with John Dunlop. Wouldn't hurt a fly—for one reason, he never could have overtaken one! And Lizzie—land alive! She'd have made her way anywhere hitched single, but the day she stepped into double traces curbed her down to the pace of a leader that never got out of a jog-trot. To be sure, she never had to wait up nights a-tremblin' to hear a drunken step; but pshaw! If a house's afire, a slow man ain't no more account than a drunken one to turn in the alarm. It's a pity a girl can't realize when she's pickin' out a husband for herself that she's pickin' out a father for her children at the same time. There's many a man that's first-rate company settin' under the paternal vine and fig-tree, that won't pass muster for the father of such a girl as Bessie Dunlop. Will you tell me if you think she didn't deserve all the education and piano-playing she's got—and how in the land of love could it have been managed if her ma'd let her depend on John Dunlop's fatherin'?"

The girl by the window moved swiftly away; she had not meant to stay so long. She could not be found when Henry Jackson made his appearance and asked for her.

Down in the meadows she lay face downward, fighting with the enemy she had always feared would snatch her happiness from her. Was it true, what this woman had said? There had always been a sore spot in her heart that her mother had been willing, so it had seemed to her, to lighten her own load by giving her daughter into the care of another. In her brief visits home, her father had always seemed the saint, her mother a too-diligent Martha. It was, in fact, the remembrance of this calm and apparently happy father that had reconciled her to Henry Jackson's unambitious plans for the future—plans she had more than half-promised to share.

It was dark when she returned to the house. She would neither sink into the apathy of her father nor choose success alone for the spirit which frowned down failure as a sin. She would weave a practical garment with the warp of action and the woof of dreams.

When Henry Jackson came again, he found no longer a yielding girl, ready to go blinded with him into any path he chose. He found himself spurred to efforts which he felt himself only dimly conscious of making, and his love of ease which he had misnamed peace, called by a much more prosaic name than the old Bessie would have given it.

"You do not see," he said at last, "the beauty of a peaceful life given to the Lord's work."

"The Lord's work lies everywhere, and there is no peace save that which follows strife. All else is stagnation. Fit yourself, Henry, for any place, and then, if you will, we will choose the quiet one. As for me, I am fully determined not to disappoint my aunt—and my mother (she spoke the name hesitatingly as though unfamiliar with its use). I shall carry out their plans for my education."

The love which demands the best from its beloved gazed unflinchingly from Bessie Dunlop's brown eyes into the gray ones of her lover. Outside Arcadia called. A bird rested for a moment on the window-sill and then flew away with an answering note to its calling mate. To the girl, longing to be folded in the arms of love, the zephyrs floating in at the open window were heavy gales, which would have swept her from the post of duty had she yielded ever so little.

But to the man, bird-note, and hum of bee, and passing breeze were metamorphosed into life's whirl and bustle. He felt himself jostled and bruised, his ears dinned with the hateful noise of conflict. And all the time, peace was there for the taking.

And then, suddenly, the clear depths into which he was gazing, mirrored for him a scene of perfect bliss—bliss only to be found on the other side of the conflict. And he forgot the doll of peace into which a slothful soul would sink, and reached out hungry arms for his Love.

Ten years later, Mrs. Franklin, a little more garrulous, a little weightier, but none the less kindly, was again talking to her neighbor, Mrs. James Lewellen Brown.

"I allow, Sister Brown, I missed it in Henry Jackson's case. He has proved himself worthy of Bessie Dunlop, and I can't say no more than that. But then, they didn't rush into marriage as we all supposed they would do. And you will have to own that he was powerfully changed in some of his opinions after they was engaged. They do say he'll be a bishop yet."

She Was a Tall, Slight Girl.

"Well, anyway, he ain't above comin' back to his old home for his summers, so I reckon his heart's all right."

And as the train was speeding the Reverend Henry Jackson and his wife to the scene of their old-time Arcadia, he was saying:

"Bessie, dear, I'm afraid you didn't know what a weak-kneed knight sued for you when you set your test of love. If you had only been willing, our love-dream would have found its pillow in the drowsy world we are nearing."

"Perhaps it would have proved as sweet—who knows!" his wife answered.

But her husband shook his head.

"No, no, you do not realize. I was not great enough to live out of the world. I must have its prodding if I am to do the work set for me. You were my good angel to drive me out of a spurious Paradise."

Bessie turned suddenly toward him.

"Some day, perhaps, while we are here, I am going to make my confession to you. We both of us owe our happiness to good old Mrs. Franklin. Ah, there she is on the piazza."

Woman's "Accusin' Godliness."

"It takes a smart man to outdo his own wife, once she's started."

"He may get drunk, break the furniture and fling all the dishes out of the window, but, if she has the long-sufferin' underhanded spirit which is natural in all women, she can set right down where she is and have him in a cold sweat of mortification and repentance without turning a hair or shedding a tear. There's something terrible about a woman's resignation under them circumstances, and the average man knows it. He knows that he'll be obliged to buy her a new dress, or nail up a golden shelf somewhere in the house, or maybe scald bed-stids all day before he can persuade that look or accusin' godliness off her face when he has been on a spree. I reckon that's the reason some of the poor devils kick up such a racket when they do get loose once in awhile. The price they have to pay afterwards makes 'em desperate."—American Magazine.

American Capital in Mexico.

Consul-General Alfred L. M. Gottschalk, of the City of Mexico, reports: "According to the best private authority a conservative estimate of the American capital brought into Mexico since 1902 and invested in mining and smelting ventures amounts to about $125,000,000 gold. This figure may materially increase the general estimates of American investment in Mexico, which I estimated some little time ago at $750,000,000 gold value."

A HORSE CHESTNUT

By GARRET KNOWLTON

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

The door of the Dennyman's house opened, and Miss Selina, sitting at her sewing in the window of the cottage opposite, pushed back her spectacles and leaned forward to look across the street.

Punctually at nine o'clock, every morning in the year, Mr. and Mrs. Dennyman came out on the porch together, he coated and hatted, ready to start on his daily trip down-town, she with her white head unprotected from sun or wind, to see him off. In pleasant weather they stood there for a little before he went away, sometimes speaking, oftener not. Speech was hardly necessary between the two, who had lived side by side for 60 years. When the honeysuckle was in blossom, she pulled a spray and put it in his buttonhole. She picked a thread from his sleeve or brushed his coat-collar as he lingered; and, when he went, plodding slowly and painfully down the street, she watched his white head out of sight. Then she went in and shut the door.

And every morning of the year Miss Selina Haskins looked over and observed this little episode with as tender an interest as if the faithful old couple had been a pair of young lovers. Sometimes she felt the tears in her eyes as she watched. Miss Selina's own hair was white, and there was a rumor that she had once expected to be married.

The Dennyman's door shut again.

"My soul!" cried Miss Selina, staring. "He's coming out alone! He's—Josey, he's going down the street, and not a sign of her anywhere! What can be the matter?"

Josey, the small assistant, ran to the window in much excitement.

"So he is! And—oh, Miss Selina! I never thought to tell you, but—I do wonder if it could be that! Sarah Bean was over here yes'd'y, and said that when she was washing the dishes she heard Mis' Dennyman talking to him and just giving it to him because he was carrying 'round a potato—a potato, Miss Selina!—to cure him of his gout. Did you ever hear of such a thing? She found it in his pocket, and she was just scandalized, Sarah says—declared it was all foolishness and superstition and wickedness, and she didn't see how a Christian man could do such a thing, and she wouldn't have anybody know it for the world, she'd be so mortified, and he said he didn't care—he kinder thought it was helping him, and he was going to keep on carrying it, and—oh, Miss Selina, do you suppose it could be that?"

Josey's blue eyes were round as saucers.

"I don't know!" sighed Miss Selina. "But I thank the Lord," she added, piously, "that I'm not one to be curious about my neighbors' affairs! Never, Josey, never pry into what—Can you see whether the second-story front windows are open, child? If they are shut, maybe she's sick."

"No," said Josey, peering. "They're open, and the pillows are airing on a chair."

"Then she's well, and it ain't that. I do wonder whether—Josey, if you've finished that seam, here's another basted, ready for you to sew. And you needn't look out of the window any more."

"No'm," said Josey, meekly.

The day was crisp and cool. A spray of belated blossom shone white on the honeysuckle vine across the street. Miss Selina, looking up from her sewing from time to time, watched it waver and toss in the wind.

"How it must hurt!" she said, irrelevantly, to herself, a sudden dimness gathering behind her spectacles. "How it must hurt! Sixty years, and then—a potato!"

After dinner she put on a pair of Congress gaiters instead of her soft old slippers, tied a worsted cloud over her head, and pattered gently across the street to Mrs. Dennyman's.

"That recipe you were asking for," she explained, when the old lady opened the door. "I came across it to-day, and I thought I'd bring it right over."

They went into the little sunny parlor and sat down, but Miss Selina did not stay very long. She thought Mrs. Dennyman seemed stiff and a trifle absent-minded. They talked about apple-jelly and the prospect of a mild winter and the price of coal, and then she said good-bye, and pattered gently home again and sat down to her sewing with a tranquil, though somewhat expectant look.

She had not been seated many minutes before the doorbell rang, with a tinkle which made her jump.

"Sit still, Josey," she said indulgently. "I'll go."

"Why, Mis' Dennyman!" she cried, a minute later, opening the door to let the old lady in. "I didn't expect you'd return my call so soon!"

Mrs. Dennyman did not smile in answer. She stood, trembling, on the braided doormat, with her shawl over her head, like a little brown leaf, blown in by the wind.

"This—is this yours?" she asked, with an effort, holding out a small, dark object on the palm of her hand.

"Mine!" said Miss Selina, peering at it through her spectacles with mild curiosity. "Why—why, yes!" she cried. "It's my horse-chestnut! Where did you find it? I must have pulled it out with my pocket-handkerchief when I was over to your house. Now the idea of my puttin' you to all that trouble, Mis' Dennyman! And I so seldom mislay anything, either!"

"Your—horse-chestnut?" said Mrs. Dennyman, incredulity struggling with a certain pathetic eagerness in her worn face.

"Yes," Miss Selina assented, cheerfully. "I carry it in my pocket, you know, for the rheumatism. They say it's good. I do' know's there's anything in it, but it don't do any harm, and I kinder fancy I do feel better."

"You don't think," Mrs. Dennyman tried to control the almost solemn agitation of her voice—"it don't seem to you it's foolish, or wicked, or anything?"

"Wicked? Well, now!" laughed Miss Selina, "I should think not! I guess the Lord made horse-chestnuts as much as He did folks. As for its bein' foolish, I don't know—nor I don't care. It's more the believin' in things than 'tis the things themselves that does you good half the time; even the doctors would say as much, I believe. And if I think my horse-chestnut helps me—well, I ain't ashamed of it, anyway. If it don't do me any good, it won't do anybody else any harm. And I believe in humorin' your fancies a little once in a while, don't you?"

The old lady's face had relaxed until her lips quivered gently. She looked hard at Miss Selina, who returned her gaze with the most smiling good-humor.

"You're a good woman, Miss Selina," she said, at length, with a soft sigh of spent resolution. "I guess you know what's right. And—I'm glad I found your horse-chestnut! I hope your rheumatism'll be better soon. Good-bye."

Speech Was Hardly Necessary Between the Two.

Miss Selina put the horse-chestnut back in her pocket when her visitor had gone.

"I may as well get the good out of it, if there is any!" she observed to herself. "And practice up to my preachin'. A horse-chestnut ain't much to look at, but its bein' so small don't stand in the way of its bein' a peacemaker, as far as I can see, and 'Blessed are,' so it had ought to do me all the more good. I do feel better since I had it, and that's a fact. So it can stay there now for a spell."

At nine o'clock the next morning Mr. and Mrs. Dennyman came out on the porch together. It was a mild, bright day, and they stood looking out at the sunshine and the yellow leaves that floated softly down through the still air. Mrs. Dennyman broke the spray of honeysuckle that bloomed just above her head, and put it in her husband's coat, her old fingers fumbling uncertainly for the buttonhole. When he turned away and went down the street she watched him until his white head was out of sight. Then she went in and shut the door.

Miss Selina leaned back and took up her sewing.

"You see," she observed, gently but impressively, to Josey, whose inquisitive eyes were fastened upon the window, "you see there is nothing wrong over there, after all. Never, Josey, never be curious about your neighbors' concerns. You mind your own business, and let them mind theirs—that's the best way, always."

"Yes'm," said Josey.

And the admonition lay no more lightly in the untroubled shallows of her young conscience than did the horse-chestnut in the peaceful depths of Miss Selina's pocket.

In Need of a Pilot.

Practicing before the federal courts for the southern district of New York are two classes of attorneys who busy themselves respectively with bankruptcy and admiralty, two widely divergent branches of the law.

A noted admiralty practioner appeared before Judge Hough to argue a motion for the discharge of a bankrupt.

"It seems strange," said the judge, "to see a maritime lawyer representing a bankrupt."

"Not at all," replied the witty advocate; "if your honor will glance over the record in this case you will find that so far as his finances are concerned my client is entirely at sea.—Harper's Weekly.

BOSTON & MAINE R. R.

In Effect June 10, 1907

Trains Leave Portsmouth for Newburyport, Salem, Mass., Lynn, Boston—*3.25, *5.19, **6.25, **7.30, **7.35, ||8.00, **8.15, ||10.00, **10.27, **10.58, **11.05 a. m., **1.48, **1.58, **2.21, ||2.09, a**3.00, *5.00, **6.21, **6.35, ||6.55, **7.25 p. m.

Greenland—**7.35, ||8.00, **8.15, **11.05 a. m., *5.00, **6.35 ||6.55 p. m.

North Hampton, Hampton—**6.25, **7.30, **7.35, ||8.00, **8.15, ||10.00, **11.05 a. m., **2.21, ||2.09, *5.00, **6.35, ||6.55 p. m.

North Berwick—**9.50, ||10.48 a. m., **2.55 p. m.

Biddeford—**9.50, **10.37, ||10.48 a. m., **2.55, w**5.22, *8.50 p. m.

West Kennebunk, Saco—**9.50 a. m., **2.55 p. m.

Portland—**9.50, **10.37, ||10.48 **10.50, **11.25 a. m., **2.55, w**5.22, *8.50, *11.45 p. m.

Dover—**6.00, **7.35, ||8.25, **9.45, ||10.50 a. m., **12.15, **2.48, ||1.20, ||5.00, **5.22, *8.52 p. m.

Wells Beach, Old Orchard—**9.50 a. m., **2.55, w**5.22 p. m.

Somersworth, Rochester, Sanbornville—**9.50, **11.11, a. m., **3.07, **5.30 p. m.

North Conway, Intervale—**9.50, **11.51 a. m., **3.07 p.m.

Greenland Village, Rockingham Junction, Epping, Raymond, Manchester, Concord—**8.30 a. m., **12.40, **5.25 p. m.

*Daily.

**Daily except Sunday.

||Sunday only.

A Express to Boston.

w via Dover.

Detailed information and time tables may be obtained at ticket offices.

D. J. FLANDERS, Pass. Traf. Mgr.
C. M. BURT, Gen. Pass. Agt.

PORTSMOUTH AND EXETER ELECTRIC RAILROAD TIME TABLE

Cars leave Exeter, Boston and Maine station, for Portsmouth—5.45, 7.45 *8.45, 9.45, 11.45 a. m., 1.45, 3.45 5.45, 6.45, 7.45, 9.45, *11.45 p. m

Cars leave Market square, Portsmouth, connecting with cars at Portsmouth Plains for Exeter—6.35, 7.35, 8.35, 10.35 a. m., 12.35, 2.35, 4.35, 5.05, 6.35, 8.35, 10.35 p. m.

Sunday cars start two hours later and run the same as on week days except the 7.35 a. m., and 5.05 p. m. trips, which are cancelled for that day.

*To Stratham only

Isles of Shoals STEAMER

TIME TABLE

Season of 1907. Commencing June 27, 1907.

Subject to change without further notice.

PORTSMOUTH and ISLES OF SHOALS

HOTELS APPLEDORE and OCEANIC

Steamer Munnitawket

A FINELY EQUIPPED BOAT

Leaves Portsmouth, wharf foot of Deer street, for Isles of Shoals, at 8.00 and 11.20 a. m., and 5.40 p. m. SUNDAYS, at 10.45 a. m. and 5.00 p. m.

RETURNING

Leaves Appledore and Oceanic Hotels, Isles of Shoals, for Portsmouth, at 6.00 and 9.15 a. m., and 3.25 p. m. SUNDAYS, at 9.45 a. m. and 3.30 p. m.

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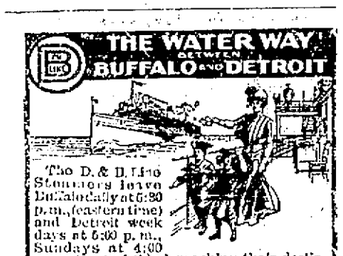

The D. & B. Line Steamers leave Buffalo daily at 6:30 p. m. (eastern time) and Detroit week days at 6:00 p. m., Sundays at 4:00 p. m. (central time) reaching their destination the next morning. Direct connections with early morning trains. Lowest rates and superior service to all points west.

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ATLANTIC SHORE LINE RY.

(Western Division)

In effect Sept. 17, 1906. Subject to change without notice. Unavoidable delays excepted.

Ferry leaves Portsmouth, connecting with cars:

For Eliot, Dover and South Berwick—6.55 a. m., and hourly until 9.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.

For Kittery and Kittery Point—6.25, 6.55 a. m., and half hourly until 10.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.

For York Village, York Harbor and York Beach, via P. K. & Y. Div.—6.55 a. m., and every two hours until 4.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.55 a. m.

For York Village, York Harbor and York Beach, via Eliot and Rosemary—7.55 a. m., and every two hours until 9.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.

Cars leave Dover:

For York Beach—8.05 a. m., and every two hours until 10.05 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.05 a. m.

For Portsmouth, Eliot and Kittery—6.05 a. m., and hourly until 10.05 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.05 a. m.

For Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick—6.30 a. m., and hourly until 10.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.30 a. m.

Leave Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick:

For Dover, Eliot and Portsmouth—6.00 a. m., and hourly until 10.00 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.00 a. m.

For York—8.00 a. m., and every two hours until 10.00 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.00 a. m.

Leave York Beach:

For Dover and Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick—7.30, 9.30 a. m., and every two hours until 9.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 9.30 a. m.

For Portsmouth, via P. K. & Y. Div.—5.45, 6.30, 8.30 a. m., and every two hours until 4.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.30 a. m.

For Portsmouth, via Rosemary and Eliot—7.30, 9.30 a. m., and every two hours until 9.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 9.30 a. m.

Leave Sea Point:

For Portsmouth—6.00 a. m., and half hourly until 10.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.30 a. m.

Leave Rosemary Cottage:

For Portsmouth and Kittery—6.00, 6.30, 7.30 a. m., and hourly until 10.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.30 a. m.

Close connections can be made between Dover and York Beach via Eliot, Kittery and Kittery Point.

W. G. MELOON, Gen. Mgr.

Tel. Call—41-2 Portsmouth.

PORTSMOUTH ELECTRIC RY

Winter Time Table in Effect Commencing Sept. 17, 1906

Subject to Change and Correction Without Notice.

Main Line—Outward—Leave Portsmouth (Market Square) for North Hampton, *6.15 a. m. For Lang's Corner, Cable Road, Ryes Beach, Little Boar's Head and Hampton Beach (E. H. & A. Junction), at *7.05 a. m. and hourly until 9.05 p. m. For Cable Road only at *[illegible] a. m., *6.45 a. m., †*10.05 p. m. Sunday only, for North Hampton, 7.35 a. m. Sunday only, for Sagamore Hill, 10.05 a. m. On theatre nights †*10.05 p. m. car waits until close of performance. Cars leaving at 10.05 a. m., 1.05 p. m., 3.05, 4.05, 5.05, 7.05, 8.05 and 9.05 p. m. make connection for North Hampton

Main Line—Inward—Leave North Beach (E. H. & A. Junction) at *8.05 a. m. and hourly until 10.05 p. m. Leave Cable Road, *6.10 a. m., *7.30 a. m. and *10.30 p. m. Sunday only, leave Sagamore Hill for Market Square at 10.23 a. m.

Plains Loop—Via Middle Street and Via Islington Street—Leave Market Square at *6.35 †*7.35 a. m. and half hourly until *10.35 and §11.05 p. m. Via Middle Street only, 10.35 p. m. Sunday. Last cars each night run to car barn only.

Christian Shore Loop—Via Islington Street and Via Market Street—Leave Market Square at *6.35, †*7.05 a. m. and half hourly until *10.35 p. m. and §11.05 p. m. Running time from Market Square to B. & M. Station via Islington Street 10 minutes, via Market Street 4 minutes. Last cars each night run to car barn only.

* Omitted Sundays. † Omitted Saturdays. ‡ Runs to Little Boar's Head Saturdays only. § Saturdays only.

W. C. PERKINS, Supt.

C. M. BURT, General Passenger Agent.

City Office No. 5 Congress Block, Portsmouth. Telephone Call 233

U. S. NAVY YARD FERRY TIME TABLE

October 1 Until March 31

Leaves Navy Yard—8.20, 8.40, 9.15, 10.00, 10.20, 11.15, 11.45 a. m.; 1.35, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.35, 5.00, 1.50, *7.45 p. m. Sundays, 10.00, 10.15 a. m.; 12.15, 12.35 p. m. Holidays, 9.30, 10.35, 11.30 a. m.

Leaves Portsmouth—8.30, 8.50, 9.30, 10.15, 11.00, 11.30 a. m.; 12.15, 1.45, 2.30, 3.30, 4.23, 4.45, 5.30, 6.00, *10.00 p. m. Sundays, 10.07 a. m.; 12.05, 12.25, 12.45 p. m. Holidays, 10.00, 11.00 a. m.; 12.00 m.

*Wednesdays and Saturdays.

C. P. REES, Captain, U. S. N. Captain of the Yard.

Approved: GEO. A. BICKNELL, Rear Admiral U. S. N., Commandant.

"PURE NONSENSE"

By F. Harris Deans.

Gladys was dusting the china, and I was watching her.

"I wish I were that china," said I. Not that I meant it, but it sounded sentimental.

"Why?" asked Gladys, glancing over her shoulder

"To be picked up by you," I answered.

"Pooh!" said Gladys. "I put it down again almost immediately."

"'Almost' is such an expansive word," I remarked to my cigarette—which turned red, perhaps because I puffed at it.

Gladys seemed about to think, but changed her mind and spoke instead.

"We're almost alone, do you mean?" she suggested brightly.

"We are, quite," I corrected. Aunt was out, speaking to the cook—something urgent, anyhow.

"You," I began allegorically, "are something in a shop-window."

"Something nice," insisted Gladys.

"Not necessarily," I said, "but something I want."

"Oh!" murmured Gladys. She appeared to be in some doubt how to take that.

"But I've no money," I continued.

"Not really money," said Gladys, who disliked definiteness.

"Really money," I said firmly. "Your mother is the shopkeeper."

"Is that quite nice?" asked Gladys, doubtfully.

"So I can't get you," I concluded, without expressing an opinion.

"I don't see—the—the—what do you call it?" declared Gladys.

"How's that?" I inquired, flicking the ash off my cigarette.

Gladys—well, no, she didn't really blush.

"There's no window to this shop," she explained. Then she did blush. Perhaps she doubted my honesty.

"Your mother is doubling shopkeeper and window," said I, as I heard my aunt's footstep approaching.

She looked at us suspiciously as she came in.

"What are you two talking about?" she inquired.

"Shops," said I promptly. "Wondering whether there'll ever be a bargain sale."

"There's generally one," said my aunt informatively, "every autumn."

She eyed Gladys' depressed expression in surprise. You see, she didn't know she'd been continuing an allegory.

"I loathe bargains!" Gladys burst out.

"Sometimes you can't help getting them," I said, to soothe the little girl's feelings.

I don't think she quite grasped it; but, then, girls often get the meaning from the tone rather than the words.

"Oh, in that case—" she admitted.

"In what case?" asked my aunt, a trifle bewildered.

"In case I ever got a bargain, Gladys wouldn't object," I explained.

Gladys got up in a hurry and continued her dusting. Well, honestly she implied that.

"Why should she object?" demanded my aunt.

I shrugged my shoulders.

"I don't think it's at all nice of you to suggest that Gladys would object," continued my aunt, somewhat annoyed.

"I didn't," I protested. "I said she wouldn't object."

My aunt looked at me with some degree of exasperation.

"You seem to me," she said severely, "to be getting more difficult of comprehension every day. You talk utter rubbish."

"Not 'utter,'" I pleaded.

"Utter rubbish," insisted my aunt. "I never can understand you, and I don't think Gladys does, although she pretends to."

"Gladys!" I cried indignantly.

"Not always," she answered.

"There!" said my aunt triumphantly.

"That is," corrected Gladys hurriedly, "I always understand what you say, but not why you say it."

"I speak that I may not think," I explained.

"Now what does he mean by that?" asked my aunt helplessly.

"My meaning," I admitted, "is not very obvious—not to a woman, anyhow."

"There's a difference," explained my aunt kindly, "between foolishness and cleverness."

"That," I acknowledged frankly, "is so. The difficulty is to discover what is the difference."

I paused politely as my aunt appeared to be about to speak.

"Yes?" I said encouragingly.

"Nothing," said she. "Go on."

"I haven't solved the problem myself," I informed her. "The difference between sense and nonsense," I went on, "depends as much on the listener as on the speaker."

My aunt rose to her feet.

"Absurd!" said she. "Sense is always sense. You are talking absolute nonsense."

"You, then," I said admiringly, "have solved the problem."

Would Improve.

Neighbor—My! but that's a billious color you've painted that house of yours.

Other Neighbor—Yes; but it won't stay that way. You see, I mixed a lot of pepsin syrup with the white lead when I painted it.—Judge.

Tied and Untied.

"Was their marriage a failure?"

"Oh, no. They were divorced before it had a chance to be that."—Judge.

ALL FOR THE SAKE OF CHARITY

"Ethel Wilberforce!"

"My dear Grace!"

"What are you doing out in this rain with all those bundles?"

"I don't wonder you ask—I am perfectly ashamed. You never do a thing of this sort but you meet all your friends. I'm shopping, my dear, and I left my motor car at Lyman's and walked down while the chauffeur did another errand. I simply had to get these things for my maid. She is fixing a few of my common things before I go away next week. That girl is a perfect treasure! We're going to Palm Beach, you know."

"Really! No, I didn't."

"Yes. I always run off during this season of the year—things get so slow here at home about now, don't you think so? So I am up to my very ears—tailors, dressmakers and milliners—I detest the whole lot. I have just finished my errands. You better jump into my motor car and run up to the fair for—well, for something or other. I can't remember what. It's at Lewis hall—It won't take a moment. My husband's sister Marion is interested in it and I told her I would go and buy something. One must help those charities along! It is a very worthy object, raising money to send some woman to the hospital, or to the country, or somewhere.

"Marion is always into such things—It does not seem to grate on her to hear about cases like that. I am very sensitive—I can't stand it. It makes me faint and I don't get over it for days. But Marion throws it right off; sometimes I think things don't go very deep with her. She's a nice girl, and of course I'm awfully fond of her, but she is so odd! She never cares for the things I do. She spends all her money on those settlements and she never has her hair waved, or—well, you understand, Grace, dear, what I mean."

"Yes, of course I do, my dear!"

"Yes, we're nothing alike. I simply can't do the things she does, but I'm glad to help with my money. I always give to all good objects—I think we all ought to. Oh, yes! Here we are! He can come back for us in 15 minutes; don't you think so? One can buy a great deal in 15 minutes. We shall not want to stay longer than that—the air is always so bad!"

"Yes. I don't think we want to stay long."

"Fifteen minutes then. Why, I had no idea there would be so many people here. How unbecoming black is to Flora Williams—it makes her look so old!"

"Well, she isn't young!"

"No, but she doesn't have to tell everybody of it. What are these—aprons? Aren't they pretty! That's all hand work—every bit of it. It would be awfully nice for somebody. Two dollars! Goodness, what a price! I never use aprons anyway. Let's look at the handkerchiefs."

"One can always buy handkerchiefs!"

"Yes, but I never carry but one kind—very sheer, with a tiny hem and with my three initials hand-embroidered in the corner. Of course, if I could find them here I'd buy them, no matter what they cost. They haven't them, you see! Of course, you couldn't expect it at a fair. What's over there?"

"Dolls."

"Oh, dolls are lovely! Not that I ever have any use for dolls, but I love to look at them. Isn't that one in pink sweet? Well, we'll leave the dolls for people with children. Is that neckwear in the corner?"

"Yes. Let's go over there. You will surely find something nice over there!"

"My dear Grace, positively I can't! Mrs. Davenport is in charge of that table, and we've had a difference and don't speak. I can't go to her table. It would be so awkward. There isn't time anyway, for the motor will be back and I mustn't keep the chauffeur waiting in this weather. One must consider the servants a little. They are selling ten-cent grabs over there. We'll have just time to have one as we go out. Nothing but a pen wiper! They never paid three cents for that! One always gets cheated at fairs.

"Come. We must hurry, for I have an appointment to have my hair waved, and I must go and buy some fresh violets. These I am wearing are sights! Awfully glad you came with me! These charity affairs take lots of time, but I feel that those who have should do for the less fortunate.

"Good-by, dear. Come and see me before we go to Palm Beach. Yes, we leave on Thursday."

French Peasants' Odd Business.

"In France, at this season," said a bird dealer, "the banks of the streams are yellow with bonfires every night. About the fires float peasants, men and women, smoking, chatting and spooning.

"They keep the blaze going all night, and at dawn, behold! the ground is an inch or two deep with May flies, fireflies, moths—little creatures that, expecting some unknown and divine sensation, flew out of the darkness into those clear and gemlike flames, fluttered forth again in agony, fell and died.

"The tiny corpses are sold to the French bird dealers at five or six cents a pint, and are resold for food to the owners of pet birds, finches, thrushes, canaries, nightingales and the like."

A BRAVE INDIAN

"You can say what you mind to about the nerve of the redskins, but don't say it when I'm around," thundered Col B——. Scenting a story, the cowpunchers crowded nearer the ranchman

The room of the adobe shack was blue with tobacco smoke; just the atmosphere that seemed to inspire the old man.

"I have followed a flock of canvasbacks down the Potsau for miles, waiting for them to float within range, and I've watched with increasing heart beats a battle between the dogs and black bears in the Mississippi canebrake, but this was my first and only experience with a wild-cat," said the colonel, betwen puffs of his corn-cob pipe, by way of introduction.

"It was in southwestern Arkansas in the days when you got to St Louis by riding a third of the way astride a broncho, another third in a stage-coach and the rest of the way in a train which the natives would scorn if it was run over the Jenny Lind coal branch to-day.

"Red Blanket had been my chum ever since our fathers had smoked the pipe of peace and had agreed not to murder each other oftener than once a week. It was during the big Cherokee payment when Uncle Sam unloaded several millions of his treasury notes on the members of that tribe, and every Indian was rich; that is, until the tradesmen from the fort collected their long-outstanding accounts.

"Red Blanket and I took advantage of the excitement to slip off into the hills for a quiet hunt. We took only our guns and ammunition. Neither had been educated to carry a kit full of eatables when we set forth for big game. And I don't remember ever having missed a meal, either.

"We hunted all day with fair success and were searching for a good place to camp for the night when we encountered the wild-cat. Boys, I have had some terrifying experience in my time, but they were as tame as a euchre party at a church festival compared to this one."

"I pride myself on my keen ears, but if it hadn't been for Red Blanket I don't think I would be here to repeat this yarn. My first inkling that anything was wrong came when the Indian deliberately tripped me. I fell alongside a log under the branches of a big tree.

"'Don't move,' I heard him say. Before I had time to roll over and demand an explanation, I heard a whir-r-r through the air, followed by a shot and a gleeful cry, if an Indian is capable of such an exclamation.

"The whir-r-r chilled the very marrow in my bones, and I believe my heart stopped plugging for an instant, but the shot caused me to jump to my feet. Something fuzzy-like brushed my coat as I rose from the ground. I followed Red Blanket's gaze to the object.

"Struggling in its final agony was the monster. Ordinarily they are not very big, but this one was about the size of a young panther. Boys, as you know, I'm not much given to demonstrations, but when I realized what had happened, I just hugged that Indian kid.

"As he dexterously skinned the cat, he told me that he threw me down when his eyes met the gleaming balls of fire of the feline, crouched in the tree, ready to spring, he thought, upon my head. And I always will believe that he acted none too soon.

"That whir-r-r through the air convinced me that the beast would have torn my eyes out had I not hit the ground when I did. What do you think of that Indian, standing up there as cool as an iceberg and sending a ball into the very center of that cat's heart as it leaped for me?

"A good shot? You bet it was, and it took nerve, too, to hit the mark."

COST OF LIVING HIGHER.

Big Increase in 1906, Reports Department of Commerce.

Washington.—Additional statistics on the increased cost of living are given in a bulletin issued by the department of commerce and labor. For 17 years the government has conducted an investigation of wholesale and retail prices. The present investigation shows that wholesale prices reached a higher level in 1906 than at any other time during the 17-year period covered.

The average for the year 1906 was 5.6 per cent higher than for 1905; 36.5 per cent higher than that for 1897, the year of lowest prices, and 22.4 per cent higher than the average for the ten years from 1890 to 1899. Prices reached their highest point in December, 1906, the average for that month being 4.1 per cent higher than the average for the year 1906 and 6.3 per cent higher than the average for December, 1905.

Only two groups of commodities, farm products and drugs and chemicals, showed a decrease in price for 1906 as compared with 1905. The decrease was .5 and 7.2 respectively. Food increased 3.6, clothing 7.1, fuel and lighting .6, metals and implements 10.4, lumber and building materials 9.6, house furnishing goods 1.7 and miscellaneous articles 7.4. Of 258 representative articles investigated 178 showed an increase in price, 50 a decrease and 30 no change from the previous year.

BY THE SAGES.

They can conquer who believe they can.—Virgil.

In this thing one man is superior to another, that he is better able to bear adversity and prosperity.—Philemon.

Let a man overcome anger by love; let him overcome evil by good, the greedy by liberality, the liar by truth. —Buddha.

He that has the energy and will to uproot a fault has also the energy, and ought to will to plant a virtue in its place.—Lacon.

We should do everything we can for others, if only to dissipate the thought of what they won't to do for us.—Madame Swetchine.

No great excellence in any department of life is achieved without effort and training; attainment comes not by accident.—Bremner.

The problem of life is to make the ideal real and convert the divine at the summit of the mountain into the human at its base.—Charles H. Parkhurst.

There are many who are living far below their possibilities, because they are continually handing over their individualities to others.—George Eliot.

No man that imparteth his joys to his friend, but he joyeth the more; and no man that imparteth his griefs to his friend, but he griveth the less. —Bacon.

ALL ABOUT ROSES.

Never plant a rose tree in a windy place.

Roses that front north do not thrive.

Rose bushes should be sprayed daily in May.

Rose beds should not be prepared in wet weather.

Never try to grow roses from seed. It takes too long.

Mix guano with the rose tree's water when it is in bloom.

The budding of roses should be done in the early morning or at sunset.

The best soil for roses is two-thirds loam and one-third manure. This soil should be at least 18 inches deep.

Curled up leaves mean a maggot is at work. He should be caught and killed at once, or he will kill the tree.

A rose tree breathes through its leaves. In dusty weather, therefore, the plant should be kept clean with frequent sprayings.

HAIR-DRESSING.

The baker should wear a bun.

The bad boy needs a switch.

The sailor needs a marcel wave.

The Chinaman should wear rats.

The pugilist looks well in bangs.

The billiard-player needs a queue.

The liar should wear a false piece.

The iceman's hair should be frizzed.

The divorcee's hair should be parted.

The hot-air orator's hair should be puffed.

The silversmith's hair should be plaited.

The high churchman should wear a pompadour.—Judge.

MERE OPINION.

Modesty was never coupled with a little nature.

Ignorance may be bliss, but the laugh of a fool is not inspiring.

If every boy were as good as his mother thinks he is there would be little wickedness in the world.

The big fish are forever eating the little ones, but the supply of little ones never runs out. The little fish are the poor people of the sea.

The man who goes to bed without realizing it may be worth saving. The one who takes the sinful way deliberately is not worth the effort that would be required to stop him.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

There's a heap of misery in hunting for it all the time.

A woman would about as lief lose her character as have her nose peel from sunburn.

Parents are so braggy they manage to act proud over the way their child has the measles.

It's just human nature to get more fun out of losing ten dollars at gambling than making ten by work.

It takes a girl to know that a photograph that flatters her is a better likeness of her than the face she sees in the looking glass.

A LIFE SAVED.

Mr. Simkins (wildly)—You must be mine. Say "yes," or I will drown myself.

Miss Prettie—You will at least wait until I have had time to think it over, I am sure.

Mr. Simkins—How long? It is now September. Will you give me my answer in October?

Miss Prettie—I will if I can. If not, you will have to wait longer.

Miss Prettie (in following December)—What! Still in the land of the living? It is a wonder, nearly, since I refused you, and you know you were to drown yourself if I said "no."

Mr. Simkins (reproachfully)—Yes, but you waited so long that the—the water got too cold.—N. Y. Weekly.

Where He Met Him.

He was one of the most smart men who like to show their cleverness.

"Watch me take a rise out of him," he said, as the train approached. Then he listened sympathetically to the tale of hard luck.

"That's the same old story you told me the last time I accosted me," he said, when the tramp had finished.

"It is?" was the answering question. "When did I tell it you?"

"Last week."

"Methe I did, methe I did," admitted the tramp. "I forgotten meetin' you. I was in prison all last week."

A Mistake.

Old Client (indignantly, under great mental strain)—See here, sir, I want to speak to you. You were at my house until very late last night, and after my servant had gone to her room I heard her sobbing for an hour. You're a villain, sir, and I've a great mind—

Young Man—Sobbing?

O. C.—Yes, sir. How dared you to insult—

Y. M.—You don't think of such a thing, do you?

O. C. (astonishingly)—What did you say, then, sir?

Y. M.—I merely remarked that I was too poor to marry.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Sympathetic Employer.

"And so that is your employer going to the funeral of one of his clerks?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your clerk—not a clerk, but a distinctive of one of the clerks."

"Yes, sir."

"Is he that is very thoughtful."

"Very most thoughtful. Whenever any of us lose a relative and tells him about it he always goes to the funeral, an' tells him."

"Eh? And you object to such kindness of heart?"

"Tisn't the kindness of heart, sir. He goes to make sure that the funeral isn't an excuse for a day off.—N. Y. Weekly.

Discovers a Resemblance.

"My dear," mildly remonstrated her husband, "in making this new idea in railway motor car construction, I wish you hadn't such a gyroscopic tongue."

"What do you mean, sir," shrilly demanded Mrs. Peck Scan, "by gyroscopic tongue?"

"Why, when you get going it will run on one rail all day long, and never stops unless the power motor gives out."—Chicago Tribune.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

She—Yes, Fred, he had the face to try to kiss me.

He—Well, evidently he had the cheek to tempt him.—Tit-Bits.

Out of Season.

"Press," whispered the local copy boy, "there is a bad man outside of the sanctum."

"Is he very bad, Cully?" queried the editor of the Bay State Beacon.

"Yes, sir. We may be is coming in here and make a statement out of you."

"Did, eh? Well, tell him to come around next winter. Statement is out of season.—Chicago Daily News.

Taking His Time.

"Why do you take so much leisure, my poor man," asked the busy housewife.

"Why, mum," yawned the knight of the box car, who was loiling in the flower bed, "I'll tell you how it was. You see, I married in haste."

"What has that to do with it?"

"Why, I am repenting at leisure."—Chicago Daily News.

Two Much Professionalism.

"Why did that photographer fail to secure the place in the police identification bureau?"

"He was too professional."

"What do you mean?"

"He was always telling his subjects to look pleasant."—Baltimore American.

THE HERALD.

MINIATURE ALMANAC

JUNE 24.

SUN RISES	4.05	MOON SETS	10.32 A. M.
SUN SETS	7.21	FULL SEA	09.45 A. M. 10 15 P. M.
LENGTH OF DAY	15 17		

Full Moon, June 25th, 4h. 27m., evening, E.
Last Quarter, July 2d, 9h. 31m., morning, W.
New Moon, July 10th, 10h. 17m., morning, E.
First Quarter, July 18th, 8h. 12m., morning, E.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Should you fail to receive your Herald regularly communicate with the office at once either by telephone, No. 37, or by messenger. We intend to give careful attention to our delivery system. Subscribers can pay bills monthly at the office or to the collector.

F. W. HARTFORD,
Treasurer.

THE TEMPERATURE

THE HERALD'S thermometer registered eighty-six degrees above zero at two o'clock this afternoon.

CITY BRIEFS

Sunday was an ideal picnic day.

Native strawberries are ripening.

All the local hotels report good business.

The crops are growing now with great rapidity.

The days have reached the extreme of length.

Portsmouth is a leader in the sale of Sunday papers.

Grange field meetings will be inaugurated this week.

The water board did not meet as usual on Saturday night.

Have your shoes repaired by John Mott, 34 Congress street.

The lawns of the city present a most attractive appearance.

There is prospect for more than an average crop of blueberries.

The merchants ought to be pleased with the business of Saturday night.

WANTED—First class cook for the Summer. Inquire at this office.
J24tf

Farmers say that the grass is thin and lacking in substance, despite its fine appearance.

A number of Portsmouth people will attend the Dartmouth commencement exercises.

Automobilists will have no difficulty in finding a place in this city to have their cars repaired.

The spaces on each side of the doorway of the Portsmouth Athletic Club building have been asphalted.

The railroad section crew and the carpenters worked on Sunday on the repairs on the Noble's Island bridge.

There was a lively fight at the North End Saturday night and the case was heard in police court today.

Work will be commenced on the Concord section of the boulevard through the Merrimac valley on July 1.

Winston Churchill, Frank D. Currier, James W. Rendick, Edward N. Pearson and George H. Moses all favor Boston for the next Republican national convention.

The largest stock and lowest prices for Monuments as we do not have the expense of agents and customers get the discount. John H. Dowd, Market street.

RESOLUTION OF THANKS

Passed by the Trustees of Portsmouth Public Library

At a meeting of the trustees of the Portsmouth public library, held last week, the following preamble and resolution were presented and unanimously adopted:

The late Thomas P. Salter, whose affection for this his native city was manifested in many ways, having devised in his will to the public library a white marble bust of Napoleon, mounted upon a marble pedestal of beautiful design, the same to be subject to a life interest of his sister, Mrs. Edwin Putnam; and Mrs. Putnam having concluded to waive her rights therein and to permit the trustees of the library to have possession without delay, and having delivered the bust and pedestal to the public library, where it constitutes one of the most valued art treasures of that institution; it is therefore

Resolved, That an expression of appreciation and gratitude on behalf of the trustees be extended to Mrs. Putnam for her consideration in permitting the city to enjoy possession of this bequest of Mr. Salter's in advance of the time designated by him. We accept it as a valued addition to our equipment, and a most striking reminder of the giver, whose loyal interest in the welfare of his native city could not be more fittingly manifested.

Attest

Secretary.

BUSY DAY IN COURT

Judge Simes Found Plenty to Engage His Attention

TWELVE CASES HEARD IN LOCAL HALL OF JUSTICE

At the session of police court this morning there was a rush. Twelve cases were heard before the tribunal and every offender was sad. Joy was entirely missing from the countenances of those who had mingled with the large musties and several others, including some descendants of Mother Eve who had forgotten the golden rule.

Street Walkers Heard

Gladys Tucker promised the court to go to her aunt in Boston and was released with a suspended sentence of six months at the house of correction.

Nellie Scanlan was put on probation and released on a suspended sentence of ninety days at the house of correction. She promised to give the court no more trouble.

Three other brick patters, Josephine Boyd, Frances Marden and Lillian Lydston were sent to the county farm for thirty days and ordered to pay or work out the costs of court.

Mamie Colmorgan promised to leave town and the court let her go.

A North End Fight

John Florence and Stanislav Pelcewick, from the Polish colony, were up for fighting. The two mixed it up in grand style in a Polish grocery store on Market street Saturday night and it required some good sprinting by Officer Carlton before he got them. They pleaded guilty to a charge of joint assault and each fined $3.00 and costs or $6.90 with the police department.

Four for Drunkenness

Rayme Ganvrin, from the York brick making district, came over for a new suit on Saturday. He made the purchase and wet the suit outside and himself inside. Besides the price of the clothing and the elegant jag he got he tossed up the costs of court, $6.50, and escaped with no fine.

Jerry Lynch wanted three months at the farm and the court thought about fourteen were due him. They compromised, however, and Jerry took six months, with the customary costs of $6.90.

Charles Burroughs, a man of horse sense, told the court he was guilty and then said, "Your Honor, I am a gentleman, but I have mixed with people who are not in my class. Why," said Charles, "I have driven the fastest horses in the country and know everything on the turf from Readville to Kentucky and I can put any of them up to the mark." His oratory and his attitude made a hit and he was released with a suspended sentence.

Charles Bannigan, a Sunday drunk, was released with the customary hand over of $16.90.

BASE BALL ON SATURDAY

Results of Games of Particular Interest to Local Fans

Marines Took the Game

At Kittery Field on Saturday, the Marines won their first game in the new Maffe-New Hampshire amateur baseball league, defeating the team of the Ireland-Gratton Shoe Company of Dover, six to five. The Dover team made thirteen hits to nine for the Marines and made but three errors against seven, but the misplays of the visitors were more costly and their hits less timely than those of the Marines. The winning run was made in the ninth inning with no one out.

The score by innings:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Marines	0	1	0	0	3	0	0	1	1	—6
I.-G.	2	0	0	1	0	0	0	2	0	—5

Batteries—Bunker and Cooke; Young and Denning. Umpire—Hickey.

Dover Finished Second

The Dover team lost the York and Strafford County League game on Saturday at South Berwick, nine to four. Harry Cragen, Frank Newick and Sperry Locke were the Portsmouth men on the Dover team, with Jim McGrady in the box.

Portsmouth Defeated

A team playing under the name of Portsmouth was beaten by the Portland Independent team at Portland on Saturday, nine to six. Jim Goodrich, Tommy Lynskey, George Tredick of the High School team and Jimmy Able and Haynes of Kittery played with the Portsmouth team. O'Leary was the pitcher. Ten hits were made off "Pop" Williams, the crack pitcher of the Portlands.

THE LAST WORD

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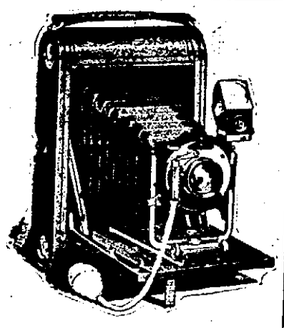

It takes 4x5 pictures of the finest quality, is compact, strongly made, uses films or dry plates, fitted with R. Rectilinear lens rising or sliding front, reversible finder, automatic focusing lock, automatic shutter, etc. **Price $20 and $25.**

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PLEASING RECITAL

Given by Pupils of Miss Fernald at Her Home in Kittery

The pupils of Miss Amy B. Fernald gave a recital at her home on Shepard's hill on Saturday evening, which proved to be a very delightful affair. Miss Fernald, who is very popular as a teacher, has a large and promising class, reflecting much credit upon their able instructress. The program was a well selected one and greatly enjoyed by all present.

During the evening refreshments of ice cream, assorted cake and wafers were served.

The following program was given:

Waltz, Renard
Maude Bond
"Song of the Katydid," Kern
Ruth Abrams
"London Bridge," Lawson
Alice Grace
Fairy Polka, Streabbog
William Snow
"Merry Blue Eyes," Orth
Ruth Young
"Liziliella," Von Blon
Addie Fuller, Hattie Fuller
"Brier Rose," Sabathil
Elizabeth Collins
"Queen of Night," Renard
Mrs. Thurston Patch
"Welcome," Ganschals
Addie Fuller
"Bagatelle," Baumfelder
Hattie Fuller
"Pizzicati,"
Ellen Bowden, Miss Fernald
Original composition,
Grace Onstott
"Happiness," Lange
Gay Horrocks
Idylle, Kern
Myrtle Gowen
"Chapel in the Mountain," Wilson
Ellen Bowden
"King of the Carnival," Deshales
Myrtle Gowen, Miss Fernald
Fifth Nocturne, Lybrack
Mrs. Percival Rogers
Polka, Roalte
Mrs. Fred Hobbs, Miss Fernald

DESTROYED BY FIRE

Goodwin Cottage at Green Acre Prey of the Flames

The cottage at Green Acre owned by C. G. Goodwin of Boston was burned about four o'clock Sunday morning. The house was unoccupied and the origin of the fire is not known.

The cottage was one of the best in the Green Acre colony and was situated next to the house of Mrs. Ole Bull. The loss is about $1,500.

FIRST COMMUNION

Received by Seventy Children at Church of Immaculate Conception

Seventy children, who have for the past two months been in preparation, received their first communion at the half-past eight morning service at the Church of the Immaculate Conception on Sunday.

It was a very impressive sight as the little ones, dressed for the occasion, approached the altar railing to partake of the sacrament.

WATER WAGONS WILL HAVE PLENTY

The water wagons which are to do the street sprinkling in the district mapped out by the commission will get their supply from the reservoir on Hanover street.

PERSONALS

Mrs. Fred Sanborn has been at Hampton Beach.

Mrs. Daniel Collins of Langdon street is visiting in Boston.

Frank Danielson of Lynn passed Sunday with relatives in this city.

Sidney Frost of Noble's Island passed Sunday in Amesbury, Mass.

Cadwallader C. Washburn of Boston is visiting at his home in this city.

Major Robie and family of Nashua are at their Summer home at Concord Point.

William F. Austin has been at The Radcliffe, Hampton Beach, for a short time.

Miss Florence Ward is the guest of J. Edward Pickering and family at Wallis Sands.

General Manager W. G. Meloon of the Atlantic Shore line was at Ogunquit on Sunday.

Manager E. H. Libby of the railroad station cafe is visiting at his home in Vermont.

George F. Lord of Exeter has taken a position on the Atlantic Shore line railway.

William T. Foley of Boston is the guest of his sister, Mrs. Thomas Donovan of Court street.

Mrs. Hazen Philbrick of Boston, formerly Miss Mary Louise Bennett of this city, passed Sunday here.

Michael Meehan of Ontario is the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Meehan of Hanover street.

Former City Messenger Warrington Moulton has taken a position with the grocery firm of Henry P. Payne.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Emery returned from their wedding tour on Sunday, coming from Hampton in an automobile.

Edward Kennedy of Dover, a former freight clerk at the local railroad freight office, called on friends here on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Donovan of Russell street, accompanied by friends from Boston, passed Sunday at Hampton Beach.

George Stackpole and W. S. Mitchell are among the Portsmouth people who have been early season guests at Hampton Beach.

George N. Jones, who suffered an operation at the Cottage Hospital several weeks ago, has so far recovered as to be able to be out.

Gustav Frohman, the famous theatrical manager, has arrived from New York with his family and will pass the Summer at Wallis Sands.

Rev. George W. Farmer of the Portsmouth Methodist Church occupied the pulpit of the Methodist Church in Exeter on Sunday.

Andrew Bowe, Jr., of the General Electric Company, Lynn, passed Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Bowe of Thornton street.

Charles W. Brewster entertained the members of the staff of the First National bank and their families at his cottage at Wallis Sands on Saturday.

George Allen of Lewiston, Me., foreman of a section on the Boston and Maine railroad, passed Sunday in this city, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George E. Colson.

Joseph H. Gilman of Exeter, the famous Dartmouth football player, and H. E. Smith, the equally famous sprinter of the Hanover college, were week-end visitors in this city.

Joseph Wetzel, for the past two years employed with a well known firm of brokers in Portland, has taken a position with the firm of Jackson and Bunker of this city.

Horace L. Rowe played for a dance of the York High School alumni, following the annual alumni banquet on Friday evening, and on Saturday evening furnished music for a dance of the undergraduates of the High School of that town.

Itching piles provoke profanity; but profanity won't cure them. Doan's Ointment cures itching, bleeding or protruding piles after years of suffering. At any drug store.

MAINE TEMPLARS

Make Hotel Champernowne St. John's Day Headquarters

Hotel Champernowne at Kittery Point is headquarters today for two Maine commanderies of Knights Templar.

St. Alban Commandery of Portland, accompanied by Chandler's band of thirty pieces, and St. Amand Commandery of Kennebunk came to Kittery Junction on a special train, where the knights alighted and proceeded to the Champernowne, where dinner was enjoyed.

This afternoon the visiting knights made a tour of the navy yard, and will leave early in the evening for their homes.

Proprietor Horace Mitchell opened the hotel expressly for the accomodation of his brother Templars and provided for them fine entertainment.

'TWAS A GREAT TIME

Outing of Little Bowery Associates Broke a Few Records

The Brackett Pickering farm at Great Bay was owned by the Little Bowery Associates on Sunday, when that organization and many guests reported to enjoy the annual outing of the hustling and "sporty" aggregation from McDonough street and vicinity.

The day was made for the occasion and no more thoroughly enjoyable outing was ever held at the beautiful place.

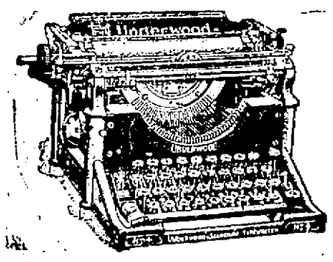
A shore dinner, with all the fixings, plenty of good sports, music by the "Mushroom" quartet and a sketch entitled "How to Get By" by the Hall-room Boys were the features of the day.

CIRCUS CAR HERE

The advertising car of the Forepaugh-Sells circus arrived here this morning and the men attached to it adorned the billboards of this city and vicinity with some very attractive paper.

HAVE THE DRAGNET OUT

Judging from the activity of the police and the court record of today, the dragnet is out for business.



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Fine Line at
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Sacramento Chinese Restaurant
American and Chinese Dishes. Chop Suey a Specialty. All kinds of meats, Chicken and Soups served in American and Chinese style. Orders put up to take out.
Lunch from five cents upward.
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Little Gents'
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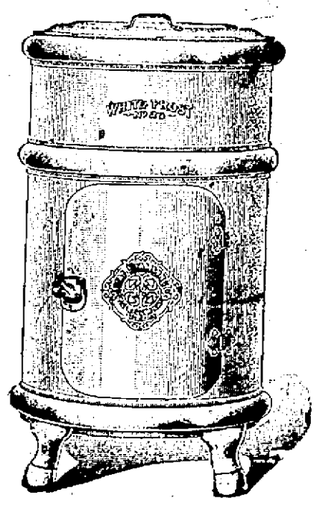

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